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The constitution show





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PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM HARRIS

If Mackenzie King is really dead, can Sterling Lyon be far behind?

By Peter C. Newman

Mackenzie King died in Ottawa last week. That was the subliminal message I kept getting as I watched this latest in the round of permanent floating crap games, more officially known as constitutional conferences.

For years, the bush-league Tories who govern our provinces have been coming to Ottawa, begging their friends, pledging their simultaneous support for virginity and motherhood, playing the great conciliators yet accomplishing nothing. Their model—whether they realized it or not—was Mackenzie King, whose political vision never stretched beyond the point of regarding statesmanship as the accommodation of reconcilable differences. (He lasted as prime minister of Canada for 22 years by appealing separately to a variety of special-interest groups during election campaigns, then acting as a broker among them during the actual process of governing.)

This was the good, grey Canadian way. But as the cover story that begins on page 15 documents, last week's conference was different. Even if they were motivated by nothing more noble than fear of their elections, the conference's main participants betrayed the occasional sign of clashing the future instead of perpetuating past quarrels. Ontario's Bill Davis, who behaves on these occasions with the friendly officiousness of a corporate president attending his staff picnic, latched to life and proposed the constitution's immediate patriation. It was an act of daring comparable to

the declaration by a now-forgotten American senator who kept insisting that the only way to end the war in Vietnam was to declare that it had been a great American victory, then get the hell out.

That most unlikely of trios—Blaiklock of Saskatchewan, Hatfield of New Brunswick and Bennett of British Columbia—came through all smiles and bombast, like maître d's in a slightly run-down French restaurant hosting a convention of gourmets. In fact, it was only Sterling Lyon, that stately reinvigoration of a 19th-century Maritime village rectory, who ended up warding men and small. At one point, when he was declaiming against the entrenchment of language rights, he sounded exactly like one of those pop-music villains in films about the pioneers of American aviation who were constantly besting the daring young hero for believing that "them goddam contraptions" could actually fly.

One of the conference's useful fringe benefits was to unmask, yet again, René Lévesque's true intentions. When it came time for him to prove that he might be willing to consider trying to make any kind of Canadian future that included Quebec into a workable reality, he scudded into intransigence. But it was the conference's host who provided its real surprise. Safe in the assumption that Joe Clark still has neither the nerve to win the forthcoming election for the Liberals, Pierre Trudeau proved surprisingly flexible. Perhaps he too has finally come to terms with the heretical notion that Mackenzie King is dead.

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David Smith

Editorial Assistant
David Smith

Editorial Assistant
David Smith

Editorial Assistant
David Smith

Editorial Assistant
David Smith

Editorial Assistant
David Smith

Editorial Assistant
David Smith

Contributors

Eric Adams, Ray to Stone (Calgary, Que.)

Walter Adams, Ray to Stone (Calgary, Que.)

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Publisher

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

David Smith

Woodcock: America's presence in Peking

By William Lowther

William Woodcock is a doer. A juggler in contracts and classes. Even as a best boy, man as a jockey dog when it comes to striking a bargain, he has just negotiated himself into history. For Woodcock, the fiery-tempered former labor leader, is now one to become the first United States ambassador in Peking since Mao Tse-tung's Communist forces took control of mainland China in 1949. Nominated last month by President Jimmy Carter, he is expected to be confirmed by the Senate in little more than a formality, then open a new China embassy on March 1.

As president of the United Auto Workers from 1970 to 1977—when he retired to head the low-level U.S. liaison office in Peking—Woodcock is well-known in Canada. For many years he represented Canadian labor contracts with General Motors and his professional figure was frequently seen at union functions across the country.

It seems at first to be a curious appointment—a hard-nosed labor boss who learned his diplomacy on the picket lines asked to handle the ultra-sensitive, almost fragile reopening of super-power relations. Woodcock is said to have the shortest of fuses and frequently used his explosive success as a factor in dealing with the beardroom moguls of Detroit. However, with an admirable display of self-control, he has adapted to what is sometimes angrily referred to as "chaptak politics" with remarkable success. So much so that it is now widely speculated that his old viper's tongue approach was no more than tactic and that he is more comfortable with himself than ever before, acting as a discreet, deliberate and delicate-natured diplomat.

Interestingly, there were signals to this side of his nature in the past when he was dealing with Canadian affairs



Woodcock, the once intractable labor leader, in Peking and now, the delicate diplomat.

Robert White, UAW international vice-president for Canada, noted: "Learned always showed a real appreciation that the Canadian section of the union was not a separate office but that we were a different country. He was very knowledgeable about Canadian affairs and showed an understanding of the Quebec situation. He participated in the

1970-73 auto negotiations in Canada. I can assure you that he has a great deal of respect on this side of the border."

Loosening to a more personal appraisal, White added: "Learned is a very hard person to get to know. I don't know anyone who gets close to him. Sometimes he is a little impudent. I have been to meetings with him where you would have left believing he had a short fuse indeed. He won't let people go on talking if they're only talking for the

side of talking. He's a loner really. That's not to say that he doesn't enjoy himself at a party because he does. But he doesn't seem to have close friends so much."

Woodcock, who in his horn-rimmed glasses, modish sideburns and dark, well-cut suits appears to be the stereotype university academic, turned 60 this week. Under his union's policy of retirement at 60 he might have expected to be on pension in Detroit right now if he had not travelled south in the spring of '76 to campaign for presidential candidate Jimmy Carter. That changed everything. Carter was reading in the Florida Democratic primary against Alabama Governor George Wallace, a foe of organized labor. Carter and Woodcock, both introverted but with strong egos, formed an alliance. As a result, Carter got heavy labor support throughout his campaign and Woodcock was later given Peking, not just as a payoff but also as a challenge.

In every possible way, Woodcock has made the most of it. He arrived in the modest and isolated liaison office in Peking in July, 1977. Assigned to carry out Washington's instructions to the letter, his initiative was stifled by protocol, his ambition put on a leash by the state department. The object was to bring about the normalization of relations between the U.S. and China, but the timetable was being set by heads of state with whom he was to have little contact.

His highly built staff of Americans in China regarded him at first with suspicion. They half expected a backslapping archetype of labor leader, totally unused to a job he had presumably been given as a matter of political expediency. But six months after Woodcock took office, one China watcher observed to Washington: "He has blended an odd mixture of persistence, warmth, shyness and intellectual energy to win the respect of many Chinese and the admiration of the 3000 Peking colony of Americans." The ambassador-in-the-making himself told an interviewer: "The whole cultural atmosphere is entirely different from Detroit. It is a closed society. But I do like the Chinese people and in a very slight sense I've come to enjoy my life in Peking."

In 1940 he joined the UAW staff and became close to the near-legendary president Walter Reuther. He was vice-president in 1970 when Reuther was killed in a plane crash. Labor organizations, notoriously underrepresented in the cabinet of the 30th Peking colony, took over the nation's second largest trade union with hardly a ripple. It had nearly 18 million members and faced major contract negotiations. Undaunted, he made demands of General Motors that he was determined would "set the tone for the industry" and ordered a strike that cost \$500 million, lasted 67 days and left the nation \$22 million in debt. But as the end, GM gave in to key union demands.

After the strike, Woodcock rebuilt the treasury, brought the UAW through the recession of 1974-75 and won a massive contract provisions that other unions lacked. He retired as an acknowledged master bargainer, respected by his membership and management alike.

While leaving the UAW, Woodcock the union boss had little more for world affairs but once his appointment to Peking "has really done his homework," as a young state department China expert put it. "I was sent to read more books during my first seven months in Peking than I did during seven years as president of the UAW," Woodcock said recently.

Clearly he has been a successful diplomat. The Chinese are pleased with his withdrawn personality, given preference to men to negotiate something like six months ago, when Carter began serious negotiations with the Peking hierarchy to bring about normalization. Woodcock worked near-perfectly as the point man: "We supplied all of the positions, from personal secretary, a state department official said, "but he provided excellent advice and insight on how to proceed."

When Carter made his dramatic announcement of the China breakthrough last month it was considered a personal triumph for Woodcock. It was by no means certain that he would get the prestigious and influential ambassadorial appointment, however—Energy Secretary James Schlesinger was strongly tipped—but the White House decided to stay with his proven winner.

Says Woodcock: "Official meetings with Chinese leaders are highly stylized in the sense that both sides are very careful how they put things. But when [in labor negotiations] you get to the critical phase of collective bargaining, both sides also tend to be very careful with their words and I've been able to listen very carefully for what is not said as well as what is said."

A great many negotiating sessions he shed. As ambassador, Woodcock will be expected to help smooth the way for the U.S. to learn about the Chinese and vice versa. "We've got some agreement leaders he once ruled against. He may also feel himself saying 'no' to the Peking pillbox as it requests weapons and nuclear technology that Washington will not give. In the meantime he is learning about the Chinese and vice versa. The man told me once—I think he considered it a compliment—that it was remarkable a man of my age could remember so well."

Added the ambassador-designate: "I would not accept any ambassadorial post where there is no challenge. The United States has made so many mistakes in the Far East, I want to be a small part of making things better."

Portrait

Portrait

Portrait

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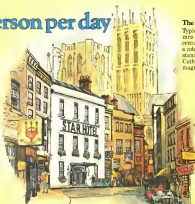
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AIR CANADA 
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In pursuit of paradise on earth

Why do people create little, individually distinct, ornamental gardens in front of their houses? Why do they clip the bushes into strange shapes along the front walks? Is there a connection between these little gardens and the age-old concept of paradise? These are questions that have lately led Ellen Lewis down some of the world's finest garden paths. Lewis, also known as Flakie Roshpis, is a 46-year-old Vancouver artist who embarked on an 11-month expedition in 1979 which took him through India, Greece, Turkey and on to India and Sri Lanka in search of great gardens. With him, as a trip financed in part by a \$15,000 Canada Council grant, was Vancouver photographer Taki Roshpis. They visited 16 gardens in India alone and took nearly 4,000 slides and photographs of courtyards, fountains and foliage, as part of their research for a book in the works called, *Survival Paradise*. "I haven't discovered the answers," Lewis says, "but I have learned much about gardens, paradise, and man's fundamental relationship to nature."

As an artist, Lewis blossomed during the dada revival of the early '70s when he took the pseudonym Flakie Roshpis



and founded the "New York Correspondence School of Vancouver," an avowed group that performs synchronized swimming under his direction. He also created a 20-by-8-foot ceramic wall for the Canadian pavilion at Expo '76 in Osaka and another man-made wall called *The Great Wall of 1981* for the National Science Library in Ottawa.

In 1972 he began photographing Vancouver gardens and doing research into the mythology of paradise. "Gardens reflect our yearning for wilderness and aboriginal freedom," he says. "They represent nature—no matter how formal or ornamental they may be." That, nature's mountains, lakes and waterfalls become the garden's mounds, pools and fountains. Lewis further explains that through this reconstruction of nature the garden can come to embody concepts of paradise. "The garden goes, as well as being a literal extravaganza, in a symbolic opening into another world. Water is seen as the font of life. Both

Garden of the Raj Mahal (left) and Lewis impersonating a pygmy, "these little people living in harmony with nature."

topiary and statuary stand in for nature's inhabitants but they also represent the mythical dwarves, elves and fauns, thus fulfilling the paradisaical idea of enchantment," says Lewis, the possessor of an elbowed alter-ego and a mischievous laugh himself.

In India, Lewis visited the garden of the Raj Mahal which occupies 12 acres of the 350-acre estate that is the official residence of the president of India. "Indian gardens are huge and magnificent," he says, "while the English favor a re-creation of pastoral landscape—endless vistas of fields and lawns dotted with sheep and clumps of trees." Indian gardens, he points out, are more fanciful and baroque, strong in waterworks and mythological beings.

One of the most beautiful gardens Lewis has seen is that of the Villa Lante in Italy near the village of Bagnaia. It has a square, central pool with four bridges crossing to a small island and, surrounding this, a large square of sculpture, geometric topiary and petal orange trees. Built in the 16th century, the garden was once rigged with trick waterworks that would squirt unexpected patterns, and an oblong trough that was used to float the numerous daises served at garden parties.

Lewis has a special interest in the pygmy of central Africa, suggesting that "our myths of dwarves and elves and fairies might hark back to these little people living in ecological harmony with their environment." A recent performance which he has been staging in art galleries across Canada during the past year includes a *Pygmy Ad Lib Show* and a *Great Ad Lib Show*, composed by Lewis and musician Hank Bull. Standing on his knees in pygmy costume, Lewis also sings an operatic duet in falsetto. The performance concludes with a reading of quotes about the pygmy myth of paradise which, he says, is similar to the Garden of Eden story.

The artist's personal paradise is a wilderness cabin at Storm Bay, about 49 miles north of Vancouver on land that's accessible only by air or sea. The cabin, of his own design, is a so-called structure that sits out over the water. When in Vancouver, Lewis lives in an enormous wooden building on 8th Avenue, headquarters of an artist co-operative called *The Wastara Project*.

But more research into earthly paradise awaits him carrying him next to the Orient. There are so many gardens, and so little time. —A.S.A. Harrison

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It's about noon as Don Gray's mobile grocery pulls up at a white-shingled house in Collins Corner, New Brunswick. Mrs. Evelyn Muir, a retired schoolteacher in a mauve sweater over a green dress, has been waiting and was just beginning to fret because he's a bit late. "I don't know what I'd do without him," she says. "It would mean I'd have to depend on my neighbors if I wanted to get out and shop."

Gray had fallen slightly behind schedule as he carefully guided his aging International truck over the icy roads of southeastern New Brunswick's rolling farm country. In the isolated wooden cab behind him is his stock shelves crammed with bread, oranges, canned goods, toothpaste and other staple items, plus a cooler filled with fresh meat. At one time people like Muir were a regular sight over these roads but now Don Gray is the last, an anachronism in the era of the supermarket—a rural peddler making his rounds.

Customers like Mrs. Muir are old-fashioned farm folk with little interest in so-called "convenience" food. For them, Gray's mini-grocery on wheels is just the convenience they need. "He's got most everything but whole milk," she declares. "He's got beef and pork and if you want chicken, he'll order it. And he had turkey gizzards at Christmas."

At 60, Don Gray has been in the business for nearly 30 years and now, even with his competition gone, he's just surviving it. "There's a place up here, I sold to them for years," he says to be generous his rounds. "But the price of meat went up last spring, so they stopped buying from me." The frustrating end of meat is one occupational hazard, another is the spread of home freezers. "It used to be I'd pass only one or two homes, now it's just the opposite."

Still, these mornings a week, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, wearing the fresh white green's apron his wife hands him every day, he sets out from his home near Miramichi on salted oil-cured cod along with his three 75-mile routes. To some, he's virtually an essential service. "We have no convenience of

Don Gray at work: still delivering



Gray, groceries parked for his 75-mile rural route. Not everyone goes to malls.

our own," says Keith Vail in Upper Belisle Creek. "We'd have to hire someone to take to 15 or 16 miles to Shanes to get groceries."

At one house Gray asks a man if he needs help carrying his groceries inside. "This man has a heart attack," he explains in an aside. Over coffee in another farm kitchen a longtime customer, Mrs. Agnes Pope, utters the definitive phrase: "Oh, Don is just like one of the family."

These days he is the only visitor in

some of his customers' homes. Once he discovered a woman whose wood fire had gone out two days earlier and she had become immobile, her feet frozen. "But she knew I'd be there at a certain time, and that kept her going." He started the fire and called for help. But the woman died a few days later, after gangrene set in.

Gray started his business in May, 1954, putting \$20 down on a second-hand Model T selling for \$62.50.

For years he peddled only meat, leaving the grocery trade to a spate of competitors. "I never handled groceries until those fellows went out of business." At one time he longed to be a carpenter instead of a traveling grocery man. "Now there are days when he would prefer to be out plowing land than I," a former New Brunswick champion plowman and finished fourth in the national finals in 1972) or coaching local hockey. He still instructs young plowmen, but his days as a hockey machine are over. "I couldn't sport and work all night too." After a full day on the road, he must spend up to three hours restocking the truck at night, getting ready for the next day's run. And for all this effort, "I don't make any more money today than I did 20 or 30 years ago. I have a hard time to make a go of it."

Gray's next-to-last stop before a lunch-pull driver by the side of the road is for a couple living in a squat hut on an acre of ground they rent for \$2 a month. John T. Coombs is "going on 70" and says he has been "a lumberjack, a welder and an old farmer." Don Gray, with—be'd thrust a person from one cheque to another "Coombs's life as a busi-

ness as they're." "As soon as my cheque comes in, I give it to him. He takes what I owe him, and if there's anything left, he gives it back to me."

In this age of volume merchandising, less leaders and computerized supermarket checkouts, such simple, legal, honorable transactions are rare. Nearly as rare as having a peddler who brings the groceries to your door. "I suppose I won't be able to do that any longer," says Gray. "I sort of hang on."

David Foster



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 **AIR NEW ZEALAND**

Shipboard scholarship in the Virgin Islands



Edmonton Foreign students on a two-week cruise learn the ropes on board the Emma Lujo (right), five adults and a vice teacher.

When Arnold Holmes went to high school in Constantine, Alberta, school classrooms were a novelty. "Once we went to Calgary," he recalls, "there was a car for three hours waiting for a royal tour to drive by." But now that Holmes is principal at Edmonton's Routledge Composite High School, the horizon has broadened considerably. On March 17, a group of 16 students departs for a credit-course cruise through the Virgin Islands on an old Baltic trader ship and this summer four more student crews will set sail.

Holmes, an "old navy man" and hefty sailor, had been mulling over the idea of an educational cruise since he packed 2,500 youngsters off to Expo 87.

The opportunity came when he learned that some acquaintances had bought a 65-year-old, 120-foot Baltic sailing ship which they were using to run adult charters in the Caribbean. The Emma Lujo met Holmes's specifications—wood, registered and crewed by Canadians—and, after an inspection, he gave the go-ahead for the first student cruise last summer. The 38 emissaries from the 1,100-student school came back with glowing accounts of their shipboard duties, cultural explorations and visits to local villages, and Holmes then drew up a



course of studies for the cruises. The idea goes far beyond getting a tan, however. "Ask a kid what he remembers about about Paris and he'll tell you it was sitting in a sidewalk café drinking wine," says Holmes. "We wanted to make the experience more memorable."

To get over five credits (toward the 100 they need to graduate), existing students have to bring back a "portfolio" including photographs and films and books, such as a recent sampler. On the Christmas cruise, under the supervision of art teacher Beryl Locke and industrial arts teacher Doug Colthorpe, students did watercolors that will be shown at the school's spring art show. They studied navigation, learned to

work, did some rope work and exchanged visits with students from a native school in Tortola, the ship's headquarters. "It surprised the hell out of them to see how schools can be when there's no money to run them," said Holmes. "I hope they appreciate their own more now."

The March trip will emphasize biology, although, as usual, the captain and five-person crew will acquaint the students with seamanship. Most earn the \$878 cost of the tour (\$871 of which goes for air passage) by part-time jobs.

Sea-Trac Enterprises, the venture is called, is owned by Bob Schieter, 44, and Brian McKewen, 36, who make their living with an Edmonton floor-covering business and hope to run the student tours on a break-even basis. They bought the Emma Lujo when they became interested in student tours three years ago when they ran across a seafaring and camping program for delinquents in the Georgia Strait Islands. They chase the Virgin Islands because they aren't yet overrun with tourists and, besides, they have an interesting history as ports-of-call for both Christopher Columbus and Sir Francis Drake. One island was also the model for Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. McKewen, who spent five days with last summer's student group, says, "It was quite an education for me. I was amazed to see how the students co-operated with each other, and wanted to learn. It was more than just fun." Now, other Edmonton high schools are studying the idea and beginning to send their students along on the Edgewood tramp liners.

Susanne Zwarg

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Fidget goes to college: wiggle while you work

Wiggling makes the brain work better. That's what Lawrence Morhouse, a University of Canada physiologist, concluded after spending 40 years observing the joy of squirming. University students who fidget during exams. More focus. Says each better grades than their more placid peers. His explanation is built on tapping, agitated wiggling and wiggle sitting supply fuel to the brain by increasing blood circulation—and this more active keeps students alert during the hot lap of an exam. Students who just sit have a tendency to do badly, even slapping



on the final low exam questions, says Morhouse. In this trial could make a hash of ambitious writing in examination rooms.

It does not stand to reason, however, that wiggling makes students excruciatingly better. Instead, resting or fidgeting will eventually interfere with a student's ability to put pen to paper. "It is necessary to agitate the whole leg just during the tests is enough," says Morhouse, citing an experiment in which he observed that people who had from prolonged standing can power and refresh themselves by fidgeting their legs. Conversely, sitting can cause a lazy brain and Morhouse cautions: "Students swing how soft shins chairs, which he describes as 'shaky chairs'."

Unfortunately, Morhouse says that our culture has never been one to accept the

natural tendency of the body to wiggle. He allows little and motion studies that advocate a minimum of movement, and says they are more likely to encourage errors than efficiency. He is also critical of Harb American painting. "We tell children to sit still and be quiet when in fact we should be encouraging at moments of squirming, wiggling and stretching, even yawning. A good physiological child wiggles a lot."

At 65, Morhouse practices what he preaches. He keeps his office phone on a file cabinet away from his desk so that he has to move when it rings. Reference books are always more than an arm's length away and work never accumulates within his grasp. "I like to wiggle all the time," says the shaggy, unassuming, and when I wiggle, I wiggle everything.

Martha Boulton



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Letters

Parity begins at home

Now that Maclean's is firmly entrenched as Canada's weekly newspaper, it seems ready to branch out as a publisher of American reality to design classes. I am referring to the article *Reaping the Trials of a Legal Career* (Jan. 26), on stress in legal practice. By focusing 90 per cent of the article on the experiences of American lawyers, the inherently complex we thought we had



Lawyers' trials: the inherently complex

banished came flooding back. Why no comment from McCarthy & McCarthy, or Goodman & Goodman or any other major Canadian firm? And worst of all, why tell us that a rookie in New York can earn \$30,000 when all we can look forward to on Bay Street is \$20,000 tops?

GERARD SPINGER, PRESIDENT,
STUDENTS LAW SOCIETY,
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LAW SCHOOL,
TORONTO

Missing and telling

Here at the regional municipality of Peel, we are building a new office building that will use open landscaping and electronic sound masking. Your article *Whee Noise: Will the Missing Have to Sleep?* (Dec. 11) speculates on the possibility of harmful effects. Sound masking is not new. Purdue University's administration building, constructed in the '60s, was the first major full landscaped office in North America and employed mechanical sound masking delivered via the air circulation system. Since then hundreds of buildings have been constructed all over the world. In our research, we have failed to find any

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Letters

documented case of harmful effects from sound making. When properly adjusted you do not notice it. It is the air conditioning or the distant sound of a waterfall. Properly designed landscaped offices are the most pleasant environments yet devised for office work. It is small wonder that people in this environment are highly productive.

J.A. TOSSELL, SENIOR SYSTEMS ANALYST,
BUILDING PROJECT
THE REGIONAL METROPOLITANITY OF 1982,
BRAMPTON, ONT.

Stareway to the stars

I was pleased to read *Four Horsemen on the Downhill Staircase* (Dec. 16). It is encouraging to see that the Canadian ski team is getting the exposure and support they deserve for their great European victories.

ELISEN GORMINGHAM, VANCOUVER

Scoreway to the scars

I would like to commend you for the article *They Shall Be Known by the Score of Torture* (Jan. 1). Our committee has been involved with Chilean refugees in the Vancouver area, so we are glad your story brought into the open more information and analysis of the physical and mental torture of Chileans and some of the difficulties they encounter in Canada.

BOB WISNIEWSKI, CO-ORDINATOR,
WORLD DEVELOPMENT EDUCATION
VANCOUVER

A not-so-free press

I wonder how long the people of Canada are going to put up with the abuse of their tax dollars as evidenced in the article *A Helmsman to Keep on the Rip* (Jan. 15), or the \$25,000 grant to the French-language paper *Presse-Plus* by the federal government. Surely by its stretch of the imagination can such largesse be justified in this or in any other free-enterprise journalistic venture.

ARTHUR H. WALLIS, TORONTO

Too hard on soft 'Soap'?

I have in the past enjoyed William Gendelman's editorial columns but he should stick to humor and not social comment. In the article *Let Us Now Praise a Show through the Glass Screen* ... (Dec. 16), his attack on the show *Soap* was totally off base. Perhaps I should question how seriously to take the opinion of a man who wears *Funny hats* and who deflates *The Beachcombers* as "insulting excellent."

WILLIAM A. LARSEN, REGON, ALTA.

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Talking a good game

By Ian Urquhart

As last week's constitutional conference swept into evening TV, the principal actors responded almost as if on cue. There, grouped around the table in heated debate over "patriation" of the constitution, were Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, the cool rationalist, Ontario's pugnacious Bill Davis, Saskatchewan's professional A-lan Blakeney and Quebec's starry René Lévesque, representing four political parties, three distinct regions and the two official languages.

Trudeau and Davis noted that Canadians have been feuding over the transfer of the British North America Act from Britain to Canada for 52 years* and said now is the time to do it. But Blakeney and Lévesque argued that Ottawa should first transfer more power to the provinces. Trudeau replied that he had already promised to transfer some powers. Blakeney acknowledged that, but added "It's the date of delivery that's the problem." Scrambled an injured Trudeau "Hey! You haven't delivered anything to me!" And so the debate continued for another few minutes before Trudeau simply brought it to a close, much to the relief of the CBC, which was losing thousands of dollars in advertising revenue as normal programming was preempted through the dinner hour in Eastern Canada. Barging his gavel to end the conference, Trudeau declared: "We are each free to interpret the results the way we want."

For the bewildered or terrified viewers who tuned in late, Trudeau's declaration was not much help. But the

entire results of the two-day conference speak for themselves (see chart on page 16). There was agreement only to transfer jurisdiction over marriage and divorce to the provinces, to reassign the provinces' right to levy indirect taxes on resources and to leave the monetary alone. On the other 11 points discussed at the conference, Trudeau and the premiers failed to make a deal, although they came close on a few. Even in the judgment of the participants—

the constitution, off and on, for more than a decade. But in that time they have produced not a single amendment to the words of John A. Macdonald and the other Fathers of Confederation.

But they have spawned a new bureaucracy as both the provinces and the federal government have had to add constitutional experts to their payroll. Another level of government has, in effect, been added to the federal-governmental confederacy. Over a mere 10 years,

there have been four such conferences in the past year alone, two on the constitution. There is a permanent meeting place, presumably named the Conference Centre, an old railway station in downtown Ottawa, and a 21-man secretariat with a \$1.5-million annual budget to coordinate the meetings. The cost of those meetings to the taxpayer is insupportable. Last week's conference alone attracted 220 federal and provincial officials and 167 reporters, technicians, and cameramen from the CBC.

In it all worth it, given the incredible output? Well, yes. Although patriation will not change anyone's life and transfer of jurisdiction over divorce will not save a single marriage, the constitutional debate is important. There are matters of substance being discussed—such as jurisdiction over resources—that could have profound impact on all Canadians. If Alberta gets what it wants in the resource field, most Canadians will pay a lot more for gas. There are also age-old matters—such as patriation—that could bolster the spirit of a weary country which the Poplar-Tank Force on Canadian Unity found "in a petrified state of grace." Finally, there is the necessity for change if only to demonstrate to impatient separatists in Alberta and British Columbia as well as in Quebec that the



Soult, Trudeau and Lévesque in 52 years.

expressed privately in some cases—the conference was a failure.

For Canadians weary of the arcane debate, it was a familiar conclusion to a constitutional conference: Trudeau and the premiers have been talking about

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*The subject was first considered at a 19th-century constitutional conference in 1827. There were also attempts to patriate the constitution in 1912, 1927, 1940, 1960, 1961 and 1980-81.

system is flexible and need not be completely dissolved.

Despite those reservations, Trudeau and the premiers have found agreement on constitutional change to be elusive. They did come close in 1971. Indeed, they had a tentative agreement on a package that included patriation, an amending formula, a bill of rights and language rights labeled the Victoria Charter because it was agreed to in the B.C. capital. But when Quebec Premier Robert Bourassa went home he encountered enormous resistance to the charter because it did not include transfer of jurisdiction over social security. Bourassa rejected the charter and the agreement collapsed. Trudeau, thoroughly fed up, he had warned that the constitution was "a can of worms", put the matter on the back burner for four years. Then, in April, 1976, over dinner with the 10 premiers, he suggested they consider the question of patriation alone. He told the premiers that, with a French-speaking prime minister in Ottawa, patriation was achievable. But, as his successor would likely be English-

speaking, Trudeau suggested the activation for patriation would withhold its support and it would be another decade at least before the constitution would be brought home.

The premiers, seeing that patriation was something Trudeau wanted, decided to use it as a lever to further their parochial aims—more powers here, more grants there. They refused to agree to patriation unless Ottawa first agreed to consider their demands. Reluctantly, Trudeau gave in and the most recent round of fruitless constitutional talks began. They proved no more successful than the 1968-71 round, which produced the aborted Victoria Charter. Indeed, on some issues, there was less agreement than in 1968-71 as new provincial governments, not just in Quebec, took a harder line. Thus, Manitoba—where Premier Sterling Lyon, a right-wing Conservative, has replaced New Democrat Ed Schreyer—backed away from its 1971 support for a bill of rights. There were also new issues not discussed in 1968-71, such as resources.

Worried about the looming failure of last week's conference and the possibility of a public backlash against all politicians as a result, Ontario's Bill Davis tried to loosen the logjam by breaking with the other provinces and backing patriation. B.C. and New Brunswick, it



Lévesque (far left) by Claude Morin; a finger-jabbing display of opposition.

should be noted, had already made the break, but without the same degree of impact. "I wish the camera had been here," said a beaming Trudeau

after Davis announced his switch at the end of the first day of the conference, which was conducted behind closed doors. The next day, Davis repeated his pitch. "After 112 years as a nation, surely the time has come [to bring the constitution home]," said he. "It would

be a demonstration to the people of this country that we're serious [about constitutional reform]." At first, it appeared Davis had succeeded as Alberta's Peter Lougheed announced his expected support for the idea. But then Lévesque declared his unequivocal opposition to patriation unless the provinces are first given more powers, and Rouleau supported him. And that was that.

The conference was not a total failure. There was some progress, although Trudeau and the premiers may appear to the casual observer to be standing still. "If we ever accelerate in a turtle's pace, it will look like blinding speed," remarks Mike Blair, B.C.'s minister responsible for the constitution. But the federal government did alter its views on jurisdiction over resources and civil television to accommodate the aspirations of the provinces. And several provinces, including Saskatchewan, Alberta, and B.C., dropped their opposition to a bill of rights.

There was, however, surprisingly little horse trading behind the scenes at the conference. Some provinces came with no intention of bargaining. Red Lougheed on arrival at the Conference Centre "Not that our position has changed. We're just stating it again." Such attitudes angered the other provinces, notably Saskatchewan, and B.C., thus came to the conference to make a deal. "The problem with the conference," said a Saskatchewan official, "was that there was no will to succeed."

Indeed, there were at least two problems. Lougheed and Lévesque—who wanted the conference to fail. Lougheed was expected to call an election soon after the conference and to run against federal "interference" on the resources issue. He could hardly do that if he had agreed to the federal proposal on resources, which was acceptable to every other province except Quebec.

Lévesque has a referendum campaign to fight—either this fall or in the spring of 1980—and it behooves him to demonstrate that the existing system does not work before asking Quebecers to vote for "sovereignty-association." He could, sure it would not work with a finger-jabbing display of opposition to virtually every federal proposal. Then, afterward, he gleefully announced to the press that progress at the conference had been "microscopic," without, of course, saying any of the above.

Some premiers were suspicious that Trudeau himself did not want the conference to succeed so the provinces that failure would give him an election issue. Their suspicions were heightened when

Fourteen points—and 11 somewhat varying positions

At their conference last fall, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and the 10 premiers drew up a "short list" of constitutional problems that required their immediate attention. After everyone had made his particular concern or case the list

numbered 14 items that ranged from the division of powers (e.g., who controls resources) to federal institutions (the Senate and Supreme Court) to human rights. The list was then given to a committee of federal and provincial ministers to work out

compromises. Despite their subsequent closed-door sessions, the ministers generally stayed in their tank and headed the list back to Trudeau and the premiers last week. Here, in summary, is what happened on each of the 14 items.

1 RESOURCES

Eight provinces and Ottawa agreed to rewrite the constitution to make clear resources fall under provincial jurisdiction, except in cases of "compelling national interest." Alberta and Quebec refused to accept that condition.

2 INHERENT TAXES

Everyone agreed the provinces should have the power to levy indirect taxes (sales taxes and royalties) on resources. The question of levying such taxes on other goods was deferred.

3 COMMUNICATIONS

New provinces and Ottawa agreed to transfer some authority over public television from federal to provincial jurisdiction and to put off discussion on other communications assets. Quebec alone declined, holding out for transfer of authority over all communications to the provinces.

4 SENATE

Ontario and British Columbia proposed provincial appointments to the Senate. Alberta was adamantly opposed to that concept. Most of the other provinces were indifferent.

5 SUPREME COURT

Seven provinces and Ottawa agreed to reinforce the Supreme Court in the constitution with provision that three of the six judges come from Quebec. B.C. would like provision made for its own judge on the court. Quebec and Alberta want to reduce the

court as a "constitutional court" with judges nominated or appointed by the provinces.

6 MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

Everyone agreed that marriage and divorce should be transferred from federal to provincial jurisdiction, although Newfoundland and Manitoba expressed reluctance to take responsibility for their twin bed problems.

7 POWERS

The coastal provinces asked that some authority over the fisheries be transferred to them from Ottawa. The federal government, noting that the fish were between jurisdictions, agreed only to consider the idea.

8 OFFSHORE RESOURCES

Everyone agreed Ottawa and the coastal provinces should share responsibility for the development of offshore resources such as oil and gas. But there was no agreement on who would actually own these resources.

9 EQUALIZATION GRANTS

Everyone agreed the principle of Ottawa paying equalization grants to the "have not" provinces should be enshrined in the constitution. B.C. expressed reservations about the wording of the proposed constitutional amendment.

10 CHARTER OF RIGHTS

All but Quebec and Manitoba agreed that basic human rights apply to freedom of speech, assembly and worship should be enshrined in the constitution, safe from the whims of parliament and legislatures. But on language rights there was a deep division at the conference. Ontario, New Brunswick, Saskatchewan, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland agreed with Ottawa that the right to an education in French or English should be enshrined in the constitution. The rest did not.

11 SPENDING POWER

Ottawa agreed to limit its power to spend money in areas of provincial jurisdiction, such as health care, to programs supported by a clear majority of the provinces. That seemed to satisfy everyone (at Quebec).

12 DECLARATORY POWER

Ottawa offered to restrict its power to declare provinces such as enemies to be "in the general advantage of Canada." Some provinces thought Ottawa's offer not good enough; others thought it went too far, and there was no agreement.

13 PATRIATION AND AMENDING

Ottawa, B.C., New Brunswick and Alberta were prepared to "patriate" the constitution—bring it home from Britain—with or without an amending formula. Ottawa would also agree to this but would prefer to find an amending formula first. He would have Quebec and Newfoundland. Quebec and Saskatchewan said they would not agree to patriation until there are substantial progress in the division of powers.

14 MONARCHY

Everyone agreed to recall the status quo regarding the role of the monarchie, including new Prince Lévesque, who declared "Long live the Queen—until further notice."

ILLUSTRATION BY CLAUDE MORIN



Deputies joined Laughlin in pushing from the start to open the conference to the press, not known as the prime minister's favorite people (Most of the other premiers balked and the conference was kept closed for all of the first day.)

Opinion was divided afterward on whether the conference had given Trudeau something to run with in an election. In particular, it was difficult to judge the impact of Davis' speech for patronage. In fact, Davis supported Trudeau on all the 14 points up for discussion and, by the end of the conference's second day, Trudeau was calling the Ontario premier "Bibi" (his sister, Trudeau once referred to Manitoba's Lynn as "Mr. Wren" in the private sessions the conference's first day. Walter Wren was premier of Manitoba 10 years ago.) By being up behind Trudeau, Davis has made it difficult for Joe Clark, the federal Conservative leader,



Mr. Nice Guy busts out of his straitjacket

His editor, combed any of his before he went behind him. He didn't believe what was going on. But when he saw that Ontario Premier Bill Davis completed eight hours of deliberated debate by calling in his colleagues to bring home the Canadian constitution with so much fragility, it took away by surprise. Quebec Premier René Lévesque complained Davis had been rude in not giving the premiers a written outline of the proposal before members of the press got it. And it's a full-blown change noted that the idea had been his alone. It is the very same thing I proposed in 1975 in my brief. I was the first federal-provincial conference. Davis who dumped all over it myself? Bill Davis.

Back in his Queen's Park office in Toronto, Davis was obviously disappointed the constitutional conference actually shot down his attempt to maintain his momentum, show the people of this country that some progress was being made. 'But in position for this Davis got what he wanted for one thing: he signaled a definite change in the Mr. Nice Guy approach he took in his past efforts with Quebec. During

his election campaign two years ago, Davis was John Roberts' old master of the intransigent approach in dealing with Lévesque. But it won him little support at home. Since then, the gloves have come off. The patronage idea has been being done, more perfectly designed to show up Lévesque's gentle tactics of the conference. As Davis said yesterday, "I know the premier of Quebec would not support it." And an aide predicts Davis will be even more hard-headed in future. Quebec wants to go ahead with their changes and keep the rest of the country in a straitjacket. The side step he took this year is going to be a real test of his position.

The road ahead Davis cleared many of the federal government's (and Trudeau's) positions seemed to be a reversal of his traditional role—as leader at the only heavyweight Tory government in this country—its unofficial aggression to the federal Liberals. But Tony Adams says Ottawa is evenly beginning to tend more aggressively to its own needs at a time when economic and even political initiative is moving west. "Get one provincial Tory. Provincial partisan interest is not always going to coincide with federal partisan interest. It's always a precarious balance. Accordingly the effect of Davis' proposal on Joe Clark's election platform was secondary to the need to fight for a strong federal government. See Davis' "It's important for the country to have a national government that has the tools to deal with national issues. In other words, watch out Quebec and Alberta—Ottawa is beginning to hurt."

Angela Ferrante

Among the conference table, Davis, Gillespie, Trudeau and (opposite) Levesque. "If we ever accidentally do a little's pace it will look like looking speed."

to continue to attack the prime minister as a "rigid control" who cannot get along with the premiers. But, by the same token, it will be difficult for Trudeau to continue to suggest Clark would cooperate with Davis and other Conservative premiers to surrender federal powers to the provinces. Quoting himself from a speech attacking Clark last fall, Trudeau told the premiers: "We've almost given up the ship to you people." It quickly underlines the statement and tried to soften its impact by presenting a list of areas under provincial jurisdiction that Ottawa would like to control that the agreement required that Trudeau has done what he had previously criticized Clark for recommending.

Trudeau may run his election campaign against Lévesque and Levesque, however, and ignore Clark. He might attack Lévesque as the man who would end the economic attack and Lévesque as the man who would kill the political union that in Canada and ask for a mandate to stop them both.

Until the election, constitutional reform in Canada is in limbo. Trudeau is expected to introduce a constitutional reform bill in Parliament before he calls the election. The bill will likely include a charter of rights covering federal jurisdiction and any provinces that want to join and may also guarantee the survival in its present form of the Supreme Court, now subject to change at Parliament's whim. But Trudeau has

promised to meet the premiers "one more time" before attempting any more changes with more than imagination. He is hoping neither, while Prime Minister, Pierre Trudeau shifted into the needed last station where new conditions could arrive or later waiting a long while ask about as if he were selling out for a while, tonight, tonight, something like this moved quickly into the main chamber for the closed session but the doors were instantly opened for "photo opportunities," making the news was pointed to both sides being shut out and Trudeau and Lévesque were given the opportunity to let it be known that it is an open performance in front of the cameras. But both sides were eager to cuddle up to undecoded sides. The only other leader seen to be the meeting opened up was New Brunswick's Richard Hurlbut, who seemed to have elevated in winning words that he didn't intend of the moment then simply having some good fun. But when under the last lights, he said after the Monday closed session, "They all came in here."

But beyond one more meeting, Trudeau will not commit himself. "I think at some point the provinces will begin to say, 'Well, you, maybe unanimity is not possible. Maybe we should find some formula for action which is a little bit of unanimity.' It is particularly not possible if you are sitting with a government whose avowed purpose is to show that federalism does not work. So they are not going to make unanimity very simple and easy on many things."

"At some point maybe this role of unanimity will break down. One has to be very patient." ☐

Lights! Camera! Action! Inaction. Reaction. Cut!

Und to believe, but the most absurd moment of the constitutional conference did not belong to Manitoba Premier Sterling Lyon. True he did suggest Ontario's idea later it is written off of rights would be to his satisfaction. But the only one of the day that Davis Premier Bill Davis's flip-flop in patronage the eventually decided on Davis as he joined Alberta's Peter Lougheed to pass over the \$20,000 per-term voters claimed by the CIO in progress. Newspapers: The CIO, naturally, wanted Davis to shut and in a series of steps to selected the swelling reporters, the floor decided scribbled "Private gentlemen—they're here for our benefit."

No one could reasonably argue that the conference was casually made compared with most other negotiations. He is hoping neither, while Prime Minister, Pierre Trudeau shifted into the needed last station where new conditions could arrive or later waiting a long while ask about as if he were selling out for a while, tonight, tonight, something like this moved quickly into the main chamber for the closed session but the doors were instantly opened for "photo opportunities," making the news was pointed to both sides being shut out and Trudeau and Lévesque were given the opportunity to let it be known that it is an open performance in front of the cameras. But both sides were eager to cuddle up to undecoded sides. The only other leader seen to be the meeting opened up was New Brunswick's Richard Hurlbut, who seemed to have elevated in winning words that he didn't intend of the moment then simply having some good fun. But when under the last lights, he said after the Monday closed session, "They all came in here."

On Tuesday he then got what they wanted and thought a more burning words of action programming the CIO, beyond its available and carried such strong momentum now start to break. Considering that the last federal provincial conference (held in November) drew an average of 250,000 viewers for each quarter hour on the English network and 180,000 more on the French network, there can be little doubt that somebody out there is very interested. So, in the highly unusual event that last week's show is more than 100,000 viewers, stop the following ratings as

viewers can judge for themselves how to best use their time.

**** The Prime Minister himself Pierre Trudeau. Not a year, not even a weekend break to sally his performance. A national delivery of comedy, drama, political satire—in every medium but the last, but possibly not enough voters to carry him.

**** Peter [The Candidate] Laughlin for lagging great anger over the federal position on insurance, ownership where he really let his head with a bowl of Jell-O, and Saskatchewan Premier Allan Blakeney for his portrayal of a blood he.

**** The Eyes of William Davis for their dampening not and to Davis himself for the portrayal of a man incapable of speaking in complete sentences, even when reading from a list and underlining that for his obvious sincerity, even though he seemed able in playing an even larger role than he previously allowed.

**** Sterling Lyon, for his same sure, not his dramatic performance as a Westerner. I thought, "Bibi, Lévesque, who would rather be in the lounge, his category, and Bill Bennett (pictured below) for a possible portrayal of a man captured—for whatever reason—with Senate reform. Not recommended: Newfoundland Premier Frank Messers, who seems already to have been a joke. But Lévesque, who only provides it his voice and Prince Edward Island's Bennett Campbell, who may or may not have been there.

All things considered, the most effective visual experience was not Peter Laughlin's obvious anger. It was rather Marc Lévesque's strong facial expression on Monday after the prime minister had let him bawl. And the most memorable quote came neither from Pierre Trudeau nor René Lévesque. Indeed, it was courtesy of Richard Hurlbut who scratched out of the first closed meeting, closed around and asked, "How impudently got any?"

Roy MacGregor



The jailbirds locked into a gilded cage

It didn't take the inmates long to get the hang of things at Prince Edward Island's shiny new Borey Hollow Correctional Centre. Within a day they had figured out how to pry metal plates away from electrical outlets and snip them into lethal weapons. They found shower rods could be yanked loose and turned into deadly darts. When they staged a riot, the guards had no way of turning them back into their quarters without a riot because the entire prison perimeter had armed herself with a knife smuggled out of the dining hall. Luckily a wave of a hot air balloon of cadets from the Atlantic Police Academy, acting the part of protesters with jackdaws on their heads.

We had them come in just for that reason," says Correctional Centre Superintendent Keith Fairbank. "We can't eliminate every incident but we're doing our best. You can be sure that prisoners we suspect will take advantage won't be housed in those rooms."

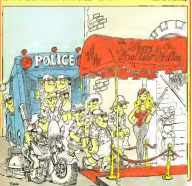
But for the 50 or more real convicts moving into the new jail this week and next, we take a definite upswing. The jail located in tiny Borey Hollow (population, less than 25) about five miles from downtown Charlottetown, is one of the most modern and comfortable in the country. It has been dubbed the Borey Hollow Hilton by some critics because of the snazzy

cells—called "rooms" by prison officials—and beautifully tiled of the small, dark chambers of the old Queens County Jail, built in 1911. While Borey Hollow does have a few overnight detention and isolation cells with bare floors, bolted-down beds and metal toilets, for the most part it's a hostelry with all the comforts of home. Phones and hallways have wall to wall carpets, chandeliers on the unbreakable windows and wooden nightstands. Lucid, comfortable beds—and no iron bars. Each room has a floor-to-ceiling view of the outside world.

The design is as modern as any I know, says Leo Lynch, director of corrections for P.E.I. "The thing that makes it unique is that there are no safety government departments involved. I don't know if any jail has pulled so many programs together. Prisoners will find themselves involved in a forestry project, harvesting trees from the 200-acre site to build the jail, a wood-fired furnace. They will also be working the land for reforestation, taking a food co-operation course, studying wildlife and learning woodworking. We sure haven't been successful in the old jail," Lynch says. If we can teach these people to get up in the morning, have breakfast and do an eight-hour day of work, maybe we can teach them how to get back into the community and do the same."

Two prisoners who aren't getting the Granddaddy treatment at Borey Hollow are the province's star guards: Ronald Cronin and Richard Wright, awaiting trial for the murder of a 77-year-old St. John's man last year. Instead of having canteen privileges and a television in their cells, Borey Hollow is all concrete, no windows, solid cell walls.

Stuart Swack



Hallifax

A heartless change of heart

Etihel Cunningham isn't boasting when she calls herself a righteous person. The former Bank Nova Scotia resident is just trying to articulate her strong belief, learned from devoted parents as part of a rural prairie upbringing, "that if you do something wrong, you will back and wait for the consequences. But if you're in the right, you don't have to worry." That belief got her an apartment last last summer when the Unemployment Insurance Commission notified Mrs. Cunningham she had received jobless benefits for too many weeks the year before because of a computer error—and would she please re-file \$200.

It turned out Etihel Cunningham wasn't the only one. Taxpayers everywhere suffered understandable jumps in blood pressure when it came out that \$4.6 million in public money had gone down the drain in questionable over-payments—unless the UIC could get it back then 15,000 unemployed for recently employed Canadians in Nova Scotia and the Vancouver and Montreal areas who had gone on collecting paygo from one to two weeks beyond their due. Less an amount on other people's money to which they weren't even entitled? So it might seem—and it would little suffice outraged taxpayers to know Mrs. Cunningham and 35 other Nova Scotians were fighting an action that, if successful, could get all 16,000 of the over-benefited off the hook.

It looks a little different from where Mrs. Cunningham lives it. Now 30, she held various clerical and secretarial jobs over the years in Alberta (where she grew up) and Nova Scotia, having her pay docked for UIC premiums like everyone else and never putting in a claim until she was laid off in the summer of 1976 as cook-outdoors in a Borey Bank shack has. Unable to find any other work, she applied for and was granted unemployment insurance benefits from September until the following August, although she never was told how many weeks she should get them. "I did what I was supposed to do," says Mrs. Cunningham. "I went to my career office every month. I looked for a job. Didn't break any rules. I figured it was up to the UIC people to know when my claim was supposed to run out." And when the bi-weekly payments ceased, she accepted that, too—and the UIC abruptly demanded some of them back.

The commission records that the



Cunningham checking in at UIC: they don't also consequences the way they used to.

people involved are not to blame. Halifax UIC man Loren Allen says claimants sometimes ask how long they can collect, but UIC staff can't tell them. "Because we don't know. It depends on what the unemployment rate is at any given time."

It seems that only the computer knows—and even it might be forgiven for goofing, so computerized is the "free-plate" system on which each individual's jobless pay is calculated. The fifth phase could award a claimant from six to 26 weeks extra benefits. If the unemployment rate is 10% or her region now above the national average. That's where the \$4.6-million error occurred, when a computer clerk in Ottawa punched in the wrong percentages for three regions—and checks kept going out. A month after Etihel Cunningham's cheque stopped coming, the whole system was considerably simplified—but 10 months after that came the claimants—for up to \$700.

"There's no way these people should have to repay the money when they didn't do anything wrong," says Mrs. Cunningham on behalf of her 28 fellow debtors. Their case was taken up by the Halifax Coalition for Full Employment and Dalhousie Legal Aid last fall, when it was heard and dismissed by the UIC Board of Referees. Last fortnight an appeal in the UIC appeals system, based on the group's argument that individuals shouldn't be held responsible for an error they didn't make. The decision, expected by the end of this month, should decide whether or not UIC goes on deducting 15,000 jobs or recently employed for \$4.6 million. See Carlson

Sports

The brass sweats as the teams play

The National Hockey League brass was gravely worried last week before the first game of what was modestly billed as "The Series of the Century." From international hockey maestro Allan Eagleson on down, NHLers had been belittling the consequences of losing the three-game Challenge Cup to the Soviet national team. But as the two All-Stars gathered under the chandeliers of New York's Waldorf Astoria Hotel, Toronto Maple Leafs' owner Harold Ballard moaned to team captain Bobby Clarke, "My God, we'd better win this thing."

They had downed the extrajuggernaut in the continent's media capital but had failed to attract more than passing interest from the U.S. television networks. The real audience was in the players' hometowns. Still, more than 250 million fans were expected to tune in worldwide and in the Soviets, it's a matter of pride. Brothers these players and worn windbreakers laughed, the NHL leaders became anxious for victory.

Theirs concern peaked as the two teams flamed out onto the Stadium

Square Garden ice to the strains of the Star Wars theme. But the tempo of game one was set when Roger Dougan's blinding G Canada was the first Challenge of the National Anthem. Just 36 seconds after the opening face-off, the NHL's best, Guy Lafleur, scored, proving—chaos of "Goo, Goo" (pronounced correctly) from the 77,000 season ticket holders and out-of-towners in the 105 seats.

With speed, grace and cohesion repeated of their opponents, the Canadians and three Swedes dominated the Soviets for 2½ periods winning 4-3. Each team lacked three top players but the Soviets had rarely been made to appear so disorganized. "Our boys did not play to their potential," the Soviet coach explained.

It was clear from the first minute of game two that the Soviet boys had regained their composure. They scored and even while falling behind 3-3, their vicious passing plays and regrouping style controlled the game. As the All-Star's passes went astray, the Soviets scored two goals in 45 seconds in the game and went ahead 4-3 in the final period to win 5-4.

As the final game approached, NHL govt. announced what was at stake as the fans captured the excitement of play to the usual NHL fare.

Harold E. Quinn

All-Star Guy Lafleur beats Soviet player, compared to we, too, in hockey.



The boy evokes Jackie Gleason in the part of Elvis's agent, Colonel Tom Parker and Elizabeth Taylor in the role of his mother. But finding the right look-alike to fill Presley's blue suede shoes and black leather pants is another story. Already 163 lbs in Presley's instataneous, looking very sultry and very "It," he auditioned in New York for the title role in the movie *The King of Rock and Roll*, but the talent search is likely to continue in Los Angeles and London. One man partly responsible for casting the legend is scriptwriter and consultant George Stein, 66, a lifelong friend of the late singer. After listening—and indeed sniffling—at various sound-alike renditions of *Love Me Tender* and *Heartbreak Hotel*, Stein admitted: "At first I turned down any offer dealing with Elvis because I didn't want to capitalize on a friendship God knows, I never said him when he was alive and I don't want to use him when he's dead." Stein finally agreed to part with his inside knowledge of Elvis when producers told him they planned to make the movie with or without his help.

Even that every man's home is his castle, no one argued with Vancouver's Edgar Fothergill Kaiser Jr. when he ordered "Elton with a twist" and set a rare max demolition crew to the task of destroying his four-year-old, \$300,000 mansion overlooking English Bay. In what demolition boss Phil Blackall termed the "hardest house to dismantle" in his 30-year career, workers managed to salvage some 250 light fixtures and \$35,000 worth of double-glazed windows, a saving which should please the 36-year-old grandson of U.S. Steel magnate Henry J. Kaiser. According to Kaiser's public relations staff, the demolition job was an example of cost saving. "He wanted to make alterations to the house, but was told it would be cheaper to level it and start again."

[Wearing in mind that French actress LEE Catherine Deneuve (top right), Les Parfums de Chériebourg has a soft spot for "mature men." Quebec publicists for her new movie, *An Adventure for Two*, have planned a quiet boisterous party for her Saturday night following her arrival in Quebec this week. And

Deneuve and a soft spot for mature men



Elvis imitation: the talent search continues

guess who's coming to dinner? **P**resident René Lévesque and his two top cultural ministers, Cécile Lévesque and Denise Poiré, have been invited, along with the

film's director Claude Lelouch (Kat and Momo) and star Jacques Gauthier. Naturally, finding a fitting location for the scene in time is a key factor and party organizers are currently torn between two possible sites. The first choice is the



country house of Roger Lemelin, publisher of Montreal's pro-defendant *La Presse*. It's cozy there and the fireplace is roaring, but perhaps they will have more luck picking Lévesque to KQV in the eventful if they throw the book in politically minded territory at the Auberge des Gouverneurs hotel in Quebec City.

Although he generally dislikes the movie-making tradition whereby "the same day you meet your leading lady you both take off your clothes and hop into bed," actor George Peppard (*Marathon*) does make exceptions. In fact, before the Terrence Stamp of his latest made-for-TV movie *Turn of Mind*, Peppard asked to shoot the bedroom scenes with his romantic lead Lee Remick, right off the bat. "She's very easy to work with," said Peppard, which was more than he could say for his former wife and leading lady Elizabeth Ashley, who cleaned in her recently published autobiography, *Actress*. Peppard from the film, that the silver-haired star once whacked her with a hot frying pan. Naturally, Peppard denies the whole thing as a "madhouse fantasy." Although it won't make the best-seller list, Peppard is planning his own version of the truth. "I'm preparing a manuscript about the book's contents. It's for my 10-year-old son, when he grows up."

Adrew Young came down with another severe case of foot-in-mouth disease last week. The U.S. ambassador to the United Nations, known for his embarrassing, offhand foreign policy remarks, and that Iran's Ayatollah Khomeini will eventually be seen as "a saint." So far, the White House hasn't responded. Khomeini is anything other than a powerful religious leader and a thorn in the side of Prime Minister Shekhar Bakshi's shaky government which President Jimmy Carter has been trying to support in a wild rebuke. White House spokesman Arthur Kovacs commented: "It is the president's view that the government of the United States is not in the business of censorship, and particularly does not consider Ambassador Young's business."

It has all the familiar earmarks of an Eliot Fleming thriller—the improbable but mechanical contraptions, the exotic trouble spots and the dastardly villain with his comely assistants. Yet, despite the fact that 80's's handsomeness requiescently resembles the upcoming James Bond movie *Moonsilver*, our hero, played by Britain's Roger Moore (*The Saint*), is beginning to show his age. Moore, who is currently shooting his fourth Bond role in *Rio de Janeiro*, is

Moore: 007 remains regally unswitched



Peppard and Remick: with a hot frying pan

now 52, middle-aged even by a special agent's standards. Even more un-Bondlike is the fact that Moore's wife, former actress Lorna Luft, travels with him, hovering around the set like the archetypal Italian matron. Although two Bond films remain to be

made (*Moonsilver* is No. 11), this could be Moore's last gasp as the legendary spy. And his wife? "Personally, I think he has done enough," commented Moore. "Lorna and I have a perfect arrangement. She makes the big decisions. I make the small ones."

How do I love thee? Fast living. **L**ayton will count the wings and the royalties he has produced a Valentine's Day gift for lovers who are neither weak of waist nor heavy of literary conviction. In honor of Feb. 14, two special limited editions entitled *The Love Poems of Irving Layton* will be available in bookstores for people with an eye beyond chocolate and roses. The luxury edition, 25 maso-bound, gold-stamped copies which sell for \$1,000 each, could be just the gift for the deeply convinced. But a cheaper lot of 200, priced at \$100 apiece, might be better for the faint of heart. Already, eight of the 10,000 books have been pre-sold through Ottawa's Sherrin Leishman Books Ltd. Romantic beauteous? "Not really," said David Dellea at Leishman's. "We sold to serious collectors. The books won't end up as presents. They'll probably go straight into book racks."

Edited by Jane O'Hare



Señor Carter in Tehran West

By William Lowther

As President Jimmy Carter read the proceedings for his Mexican visit this week he was left to ponder a message as delicate as his efforts in the Middle East and as sensitive as any power play involving China or the Soviet Union. The task before him is to patch up a neglected friendship with a neighbor which, seemingly overnight, has turned from a poverty-stricken satellite into a rich and powerful country which must be courted to play the role of "stable oil supplier—a role which the U.S. now fears Iran and other Middle East states may be able to fulfill.

Indeed, while Carter was preparing to head south, U.S. Defense Secretary Harold Brown was working up a flying visit to Saudi Arabia to assess the rapid fire there that depicts Carter's changes of policy toward Taiwan and the Shah, he is not preparing to leave Saudi Arabia's rulers in the lurch. Secret defense programs were in the air, so were agreements to add more sophisticated

armed arms. But none of that publicizing could hide the fact that the U.S. would no more be able to grip up the oil-rich country's fiscal regime against internal revolt in Riyadh than it has been in Saigon and Tehran. If the point needed emphasis it got it at week's end when crack Iranian army units took out an air force training base housing officials who had taken sides with Ayatollah Khomeini in his struggle for power with the ousted Shah's assassins, Shapur Bakhtiar. There were hundreds of casualties and a rich new wave of bitterness to add to the country's desperately strained resources.

So the president's trip into Mexico assumed an urgency it would not have been given 12, 16 or even three months ago. The mission had international significance (see box) and was especially important to Canada. A U.S. deal to pay Mexico a premium price for natural gas would almost certainly mean a similar increase in Canadian gas export prices to the U.S. But it could very possibly add a fatal blow to the Alaska highway pipeline project and, worse, could

undercut Canadian attempts to obtain Mexican oil.

Five years ago that sort of scenario would have seemed as absurd as the discovery of aquifers while in Saskatchewan. The hunt for oil at that point was, on the last 12 months, official proven reserves of Mexico of oil and natural gas have doubled to a current 90 billion barrels and the ubiquitous (though occasionally inaccurate) CIA estimates the figure could more than quadruple in the next few years.

There is, however, an initial stumbling block. The natural gas is a by-product of oil production and right now the Mexicans have no export market for the gas. Unwilling to "flame" it away for nothing, they are holding up oil production until they can sell the gas that goes with it at their own price.

That export may have, however, by now. While Energy Secretary James Schlesinger 18 months ago vetoed a deal to sell two billion cubic feet a day of natural gas to a consortium of American companies, he said the price, \$10 per thousand cubic feet, was too high and that the U.S. would soon have all the natural gas it needed from Canada and Alaska. Carter may now decide that it is too important to lose. He is under intense pressure from Sen. Edward Kennedy and Frank Church—two political rivals who might challenge him for the Democratic nomination next year—to deal on Mexico's terms in order to establish a long-term close "energy relationship."

Kaiser no doubt to suit that deal to Ottawa, energy department officials in Washington have already calculated that if Canada were paid Mexico's price it could earn an extra \$600 million a year. And it is also speculated that a U.S.-Mexico energy bargain might not

In principle, the outlook is hopeful

Traders at the London Metal Exchange were noting down their thoughts to go home last week when Big Jim Schlesinger, America's clean oil, ignored a secondary of energy stamped one of his last 12 bolts on the gold scale. Under questioning by senators in Washington about the possibility of major oil exports, Schlesinger said as his pipe and said: "It is prospectively more serious than the Middle East oil embargo of 1973-74."

The impact of that remark was enormous. While the U.S. dollar plunged the price of gold shot up by \$5 an ounce and the market for yen over the British pound crashed. "Schlesinger was the trigger," said a trader. "What he had done was to reinforce the word wars of fifty international investors that another oil crisis—one that could have severe impact on the U.S. economy—was in the air. And coming as it did on the eve of President Jimmy Carter's trip to oil-rich Mexico, Schlesinger's statement served to underscore the sensitive state of world energy reserves and what is happening to them."

In the mid 1970s the price of oil at a bound to overheat the U.S. economy—already announced by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC). Countries like Saudi Arabia are already pushing a embargo on the entire oil embargo to make up for their oil embargo and a ban on oil is not back to full production by December, the price nations say they will impose another substantial price increase in 1980.

Washington has made up for the short fall—oil at peak production supplied five per cent of U.S. total consumption—by importing more from Saudi Arabia and other countries, and by drawing on stored supplies. So far it has stood away from anything danger than a halt that gas rationing may be necessary, although some major oil companies last week began "allocating" gas supplies for rationing—delivery to the pumps and clearing for higher prices.

In such dire circumstances thoughts soon turned in a northern direction and duly were acknowledged. Canada will allow American to invest in the desert and Edwards' Africa Model. On Canada—in fact, Washington and Ottawa have been discussing an arrangement whereby western Canadian oil would be pumped to the U.S. and U.S. oil to Eastern Canada.

As for Canada itself, which took only now 17 per cent of its oil from foreign sources, the reduction in exports at a steep loss, by no means a panic situation. "We have Minister Alexander Galanter last week. Venezuela the major exporter to Canada will

continue supplying Eastern Canada and OPEC expects that in two or three years Mexico will sell \$10 (the price) by then.

So all roads lead to Mexico City where in principle, the outlook is hopeful. The country's proven reserves of oil and natural gas amount to 45 billion barrels (Saudi Arabia has 160 billion) and the total estimate of "possible" reserves is 300 billion. U.S. experts say that within six years Mexico could take the place of Iran as an oil supplier, and eventually might even beat North America to the front of an oil crisis. On the other hand, the Mexicans having seen the benefits coming on from the West's need, it did not seem they would then agree to follow its example.



oil. Canada off from Mexican oil after President Lopez Portillo said last week that it was now "possible to think" about a North American common market made up of Mexico, the United States and Canada. Many economists believe that in the long term this might be of major importance to the three nations.

Oil will not be the only item on the agenda. Carter will also be raising the massive illegal Mexican migration—last year 960,000 people were caught actually crossing the border—into the U.S. From the U.S. viewpoint, the challenge is not so much to solve as to "deal" with the problem, which is widely thought insoluble, by convincing Mexicans who have been in the States for more than seven years, but preventing others from sneaking in. The Mexican attitude is that the exodus is an economic safety valve for a country which has about 50 per cent of its work force unemployed or under-employed. Mexico's population, now about 65 million, is growing faster than almost any other country (though the growth is slowly being controlled) and any closing of the "safety valve" could cause internal problems.

Another crisis is an energy-rich country is the last thing Washington wants. So Portillo is likely to get what investment and assistance he seeks to build the sort of economy that will enable Mexicans to find work at home.

But that's for the future. This time around, Mexico's present ills and that he is not looking for solutions to specific problems. Rather, he wants to establish the foundations of a new relationship and, although he did not say so in as many words, a new respect. What Carter has been left to ponder is how will be different. ☐

The UK

Open season on the hit men

Police, an industrial democracy of Glasgow, and the quiet East Coast town of Briston last week suffered in the unlikely setting of terrorist charges in British police continued a massive drive to root out IRA bombers in England and possible guarantees to Protestant paramilitary customers in Ulster. Operating separately, Scotland Yard's anti-terror squad had issued in 20 suspects at Briston in various charges under the Prevention of Terrorism Act, finally charging 11 and releasing the others, while the Special Branch within Glasgow's Strathclyde police charged 28 men at Paisley—20 from Scotland and four from Northern Ire-



Mexican rig watching 'beasts' in lake



Irish-bomb black: the glimmers are brightest

land—to wish "isolating and evil" people to do with money, firearms and explosives.

A Scotland Yard spokesman said no evidence had been found to connect the Britnair charges with the three car bombs—one unexploded—which caused the biggest show of police in pre-Christmas week that London's West End had ever known, one stationed behind it every department-store street door. But investigators were proceeding. "We'll be quite pleased with progress," said the Yard official.

At Paisley, inquiries were also continuing, though the matter is officially shut. With the gaining of the 4th charged last Monday. They will appear again in court at a date as yet unspecified. But the charges are thought to be "not as serious as removed," in the words of one cop, from connections with gunrunning for the paramilitary Ulster Defence Association.

The British crackdown, however, is only one side of an intense international effort to keep violence in Northern Ireland, as well as Britain, under control. Two Irish Republicans (charged not IRA) arose as leaders when thought in Greece early this month and an intense propaganda effort is being mounted by the Northern Ireland government to counter IRA charges that demonstrators in the notorious Maze prison near Belfast are being kept in subhuman conditions (the British say their plight is self-inflicted). The propaganda is chiefly directed at potential IRA supporters in North America, where in the past large amounts of money and arms have been raised. The fear is that horror stories from the Maze might lead to a sudden rash of new "volunteers" to the IRA.

tacties are likely to be successful. The week that saw the charges in Britain was also marked by a concerted free-bomb campaign across five towns in Ulster's County Tyrone, causing extensive damage (but no injuries) and a retired prison officer and his wife were shot dead in their Belfast home. The Provisional later publicly advised prison officers to announce when they leave the service so that they can be taken off the "black list." Arturo Gonzalez-Carol Kennedy

The U.K.

The Battle of Britain II

Just across London's transit-haunted Epsom Road from the court-parkerns Flom, a far less glamorous model was rising last week from the festering mounds of black plastic garbage bags piled five feet high and forcing pedestrians off the sidewalk onto the narrow roadway. For Prime Minister Jim Callaghan it was the sour smell of failure: the latest, public service strike to hit beleaguered Britain this winter coincided with a shattering option poll giving the opposition Conservatives a 29-per cent lead over Labor.

It was one of the biggest polls since the Tories scored a 29-per cent edge in November, 1975, when Britain was going cap in hand to the International Monetary Fund to be bailed out of a balance-of-payments crisis. But at that point the Labor government had not have its back to the election wall. Proponents of Callaghan calling a spring



Thatcher and Callaghan: shattering poll

Only time will tell, however, if such

election are now reading like the remnants of snow in St. James's Park. However, he has to go to the country before the end of October once what may be shown inside the cabinet. The election improved last week when the Bank of England lifted the minimum lending rate to 14 per cent from 12½ per cent—only one per cent lower than in the 1976 sterling crisis—as a new credit squeeze. The strike by garbage collectors, affecting all Britain, was the most visible sign of a wave of rebellion by public service workers against Callaghan's seemingly doomed attempt to keep wage settlements below 34 per cent. Greenpeace refused to bury the dead, while teachers were closed, schools remained padlocked, caretakers and hospitals lined along as nurses and doctors performed chores normally done by porters and other manual workers.

Callaghan's baggage, as the poll by the independent Market and Opinion Research International (MORI) showed, was not so much that of union power alone but lack of it at the centre and too much of it on the shop floor. Mori revealed that 85 per cent of trade unionists voted in favor of a campaign of the wildest picketing even in the recent truck-drivers strike. But, as always, union headquarters seemed powerless to mobilize that silent majority.

Callaghan dubbed the public service walkouts "voluntary" and advised the National Union of Public Employees (NUPE) to "go back to work" and negotiate on the government's 8.8-per-cent offer. One union branch replied by offering to send its strikers if Callaghan did one of its members' menial jobs for a week. Otherwise, it said the strike for a basic minimum wage of \$114 a week garbage collectors in London currently get a basic of \$114.88 without overtime—would go on.

With Opposition leader Margaret Thatcher chastising on the national mood of discontent over union restrictions, Callaghan has reacted by promising a "conciliatory" with trade union leaders. But that is expected to do little more than draw up solitary codes of practice for industrial disputes and provide for strike ballots to be held at union discretion, while a recommendation for a national pay freeze each year will hardly crack the problem of leaping wage settlements.

Callaghan is now in a classic Catch-22 situation in choosing whether to go for an election before or after the traditional April budget. If he goes for a tough budget, raising taxes and curbing public expenditure—as he hinted in his TV broadcast—he will lose vital Labor votes. If he brings in a soft budget, the summer would undoubtedly see a damaging run on the pound and a

disintegration of middle-class support. Bob Worcester, the fan-talking American who runs most and who formerly confounded market research for the Labor party, put the matter into sharp perspective in his quiet Georgian terrace office close to Whitehall. Printing out that Labor had now lost 22 points since it was the October, 1974 election with a margin of three per cent, he said that 11 people in every 100 had changed their voting intentions since then. "That's not a great number—they could get back five or six the minute these black plastic sacks are picked up

and there's a lot of industrial peace on the horizon. But the other five or six are going to be difficult."

Just to illustrate how polls can mis-represent themselves, the National Opinion Poll (NOP) of August, 1980 (approximately the same length of time before the June, 1970 election as Callaghan has at his disposal if he goes the limit) showed a Tory lead over Labor of 44.5 per cent. Ten days before the election, Labor had reversed this to achieve a 12.4-per cent margin. But Ted Heath and the Tories still won an upset victory. Carol Kennedy

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Straightening out the mind-benders

Q I refer to the inebriated backwash that followed Jonestown's sexual collapse: women last week told an informal meeting of fringe religious groups. Organized by right-wing Republican Sen. Orrin Hatch, the audience became the focus of protests from everyone from the Rev. Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church to Protestant and Jewish groups. A letter from one of the latter charged that the religious President Ford had signed in guarantee of religious freedoms and could do nothing but offend the public. Washington Representative William Lewis put this point to Dole, a possible presidential candidate next year.

Maclean's: Are there not undertones of a McCarthyite witch-hunt in your interpretation of events?

Dole: Absolutely not. These churches have a tax-exempt status and although this is a very delicate issue, Congress has the right to look into them. If there has been deception, fraud or some form of brainwashing then we should know. Some of them are trying to withhold—it's a tactic they are using.

Maclean's: Even so, some witnesses suggested suppressing cults by unconstitutional means. Isn't there a danger that as the seal of the moment you might be interfering with freedom of worship?

Dole: Extremism can sometimes drive others to meet it with extremism. But there is no question of my proposing, or the Congress accepting, any plans that limit freedom of expression or



Dole (above) and Maclean, a political boss

worship. What we are bound to do, however, is protect the rights of individuals who might have fallen victim to illegal practices.

Maclean's: What are these illegal practices?

Dole: Well, that is what we are trying to find out. A lot of people are making complaints. We are looking into them. **Maclean's:** How do you answer critics who charge that you are using public sentiment against cults as a bookend?

Dole: I first held hearings into the cult phenomenon in 1976. This is not a new area for me. I have a track record. In fact, if it had not been for my earlier involvement, I probably wouldn't have gotten into it this time because there are those who are bound to say I'm only doing it for the publicity. That's not true at all. The cults are growing in North America and a great many people are worried and concerned about them. Of course the Mexicans have been parading around with signs



saying that I'm trying to use the situation as the basis for a presidential campaign. That's just nonsense.

Maclean's: How has the general public reacted to your investigations?

Dole: Oh, my staff has been swamped under with phone calls, letters, telegrams and mailgrams. They nearly all say "Thank you" or "Be more so." There are thousands of people who feel they need help in dealing with these cults. The mass of early mailgrams that arrived right after the hearings were generated by members of the Unification Church and they were highly critical. But since then the response has been very favorable.

Maclean's: What will you do now?

Dole: We are meeting again soon to decide just what action can and should be taken with complete justification. There will probably be more hearings. We need more information.

Maclean's: But of course, no one is going to lose their religious freedom. All we want to ensure is that everyone has the right to live their lives as they want to within the American system.

Europe

That dirty Old Man River

The fish tank was rolled into the conference room on a trolley and an attendant stepped forward. Under the gaze of the dozen or so people present, he dropped two goldenfish into the tank's brownish waters. After darting about in panic for a moment, the fish rose to the surface—mouth agape, tails thrashing—in an instinctive quest for oxygen. A mere 10 minutes later they were looking sick. In another hour they were floating on their backs, stone dead.

The goldenfish had succumbed to immersion in a sample of Rhine River water, victims of a demonstration for delegates attending a meeting in Düsseldorf last week on the fate of Europe's mightiest river. It left little doubt that the Rhine's waters were still unfit for fish, let alone for man or beast, despite all the money and effort spent cleaning it in recent years. The river's toxic waste, not withstanding—collected as much industrial, chemical and human waste as it sweeps from the Alps to the North Sea that people commonly refer to it as the world's longest sewer. Before it reaches the sea in Holland, the Rhine flows through Switzerland, France and West Germany on its 820-mile course.

The delegates in Düsseldorf were officials from 26 nations and critics as well. Their object, to hammer out a strategy to save their river. The facts were, they were told, that parts of the

river had been cleaned up somewhat by a costly industry drive to purify effluent. However, pollution had actually increased elsewhere. Last year no fewer than 1,400 chemical, organic and biological substances were found in samples of Rhine water, many of them poisonous. A score were so new that scientists could not identify them with any certainty.

The delegates wanted little time in calling for action against this tide of filth. They insisted that France do something about its polluting Alsace potash mines, increased the list of poisons banned officially from the river and called for legislation compelling companies to reveal the chemical breakdown of their effluents.

Yet beneath the strident tone—one Freebairn Dutchman called for someone subpoenaed against France if it failed to act—lay the fear that the battle to save the Rhine would founder on the twin rocks of governmental foot-dragging and public complacency. Ever since the 1973 protest, European governments have been more eager to keep factories working than to keep rivers and skies clean. The public seems to have been lulled, by scattered reports on the river's improvement, into imagining that it is only a matter of time before people can swim and fish again in "Father Rhine."

How to break the apathy? "You still need to use shock tactics," said one German. "The 30 million Europeans who get their drinking water from the river must be made to realize that before it reaches their lips it has probably passed through a dozen bladders and swilled out chemical vats. That way, they will make sure their governments keep paying for filtering stations."

Peter Lewis

West Germany

Death of a body-snatcher

For 15 years, Hans-Ulrich Lenzinger dealt in human contraband. In that time he helped people—mostly hunted by his nation—escape from East Germany and Czechoslovakia for anything from \$15,000 to \$38,000 a throw. But last week his gear—some say the facet of a woman he had befriended and betrayed—caught up with Lenzinger. At 8:05 a.m. on Monday he turned up for work at his office, heavily protected by alarm systems, and gave his two watchdogs to a woman employee to walk. Ninety minutes later he was found dead in the hall. A next-door neighbor told police she had seen a young man drive up in a white car, ring the bell and enter.

Police were still trying to trace the killer at week's end. But in the process they had put together a highly colored dossier on the 40-year-old Lenzinger—a former magazine parlor proprietor who married and divorced a Swiss beauty queen named Bernadette and raised children—who got into the business of smuggling people for profit in the mid-1960s.

With his friendly beard and aquiline nose, Lenzinger looked exactly like a conventional conspirator—and he certainly acted the part. One of his earliest gigs was to pass a noted European biologist, Helmut Riese, from East to West Germany, and from them on the traffic was hectic. He built up an organization of at least 20 agents and once boasted that he had rescued 150 people in 11



Father Rhine: still for fish, man or beast



Lindtger (left) and Berlin (right) the police were subjected to shake down the lines

two years

His methods were just as colorful. On one occasion, he claimed, he put a client aboard a truck with two lions. The East German police, understandably reluctant to shake down the animals, let the truck through with a wave, unaware—or not caring—that it also contained a nefarious American traitor, and Lindtger, who rode the truck by crossing with a motorcycle. It an distracted police that they didn't bother to look under the van where a client was hiding in a secret compartment.

Asked why he ran such risks Lindtger, who also did a flourishing trade in fake passports, would say "I'm not interested in politics. It's business like any other to me—only more interesting." Why did he charge so much? Because, he claimed, he had to bribe so many people. The fee was usually paid—in advance—by relatives and friends in the West. Sometimes Lindtger took payment in kind—assistance with other escapes.

But eventually his luck began to run out. In 1978, convinced that one of his agents was an East German plant, he dumped the man, treated in a manner befitting outside Zurek's courthouse. For that he drew a 18-month jail sentence. He was also in trouble over a marriage and porno film business run by his wife and, in 1977, he got 15 months for forgery and fraud. Recently he complained that business was bad. Last Monday someone shut it down—for good.

Campbell Ballantine/Peter Lewis



Former prime minister Bhutto: his charisma that would have made him a troublesome prisoner may make him a popular martyr

Pakistan

Tying the noose for Ali Bhutto

[I]t was not tragicomic when the hangman man from the tiny death cell of Rawalpindi central jail told a courtroom works ago "More than my life is at stake. The future of Pakistan is at stake." That assessment seemed to have gained rather than lost weight last week as an appeal court reaffirmed the death sentence on its father, former prime minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, for plotting to kill a political opponent.

The news of the verdict was met with demonstrations across the country in support of the over-60-year-old, jet-setting leader who had spent a fair of Pakistan's currency to the world during his tenure from 1971 to 1977. "If he is given death, Pakistan will be converted into another Iran," predicted one warrior in Bhutto's People's Party. And indeed there was an echo of the uncompromising Muslim attitude of Ayatollah Khomeini in both the sentence on Bhutto and the expected weekend announcement by Pakistan's President Mohammad Zia-ul-Haq of stringent new Islamic laws for the country.

Earlier, so if undergoing trouble, Zia had jailed hundreds of Bhutto's supporters before the appeal court's decision—including former senators and members of Parliament.

Although Bhutto's hanging seemed

probable last week—Zia will not grant clemency, and Bhutto reject it—it seemed just as clear that Zia was making trouble for himself. The same charisma and popular support that would have made Bhutto a troublesome prisoner or wartime exile may well make him a popular quarry to democracy and the focal point of rebellion since he continues to enjoy widespread support, especially among the underprivileged masses who saw in him a measure of success for their troubles.

More sophisticated Pakistanis who oppose Bhutto revile him for the corruption and oppression of his rule, and have little doubt that his obsession for plotting a murder points up not the least of his crimes. But even they admit that the hard-driving prime minister, through long hours and electrifying speeches, raised national morale after the humiliating 1971 defeat by India and, further, that despite the severe economic setback of Bangladesh's secession at that time, he moved the economy back to health—before the devastation of the 1973 oil price increases.

Even for a volatile people, the emotions surrounding Bhutto's case are working unusually intense sparks. But neither the dissent at home nor the appeals for clemency from Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau in Ottawa, from Washington and from other foreign capitals have saved the apt-and-polish, British-trained Zia who makes no secret of his contempt for Bhutto and for the "chaotic and hostile attitude" of the days in power. But, for all his faults, Bhutto never planned a killing so shady as the execution of a former prime minister after a dubious trial—the key testimony came from the loss of Bhutto's senior police, who confessed only after spending two months in police custody and getting autonomy from prosecutors.

Even if Zia can maintain order under at home, the execution would come with Pakistan's economy in trouble and the government trying to reschedule payments on its foreign debt (\$1.8 billion) with the World Bank. But members of that international consortium are already loath to comply, and Bhutto's death could strengthen their objections. In any case, Zia's tattered banner of legitimacy would be straggled bare, what with his long promised election already pending and political prisoners in jail.

In its troubled 35-year existence, Pakistan has had three military takeovers and 33 years of rule by martial law. Twice before, military leaders have retired in defeat, and observers are recommending a similar course for Zia—to exile Bhutto and let his party take its chances in an election. His decision is crucial—the future of Pakistan may well be at stake. **Michael Chagsoe**



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was 11 per cent of Nordair.

At week's end, Harold Gagnon and Eastern Provincial President Harry Steele were meeting in Montreal with a joint Quebecair Eastern Provincial bid for Nordair clearly possible. A secret encounter the night earlier at Dorval's Airport 181stn brought together some anglophone Nordair pilots—antagonistic to integration with the Quebecair's francophone pilots—and Lucien Trempevaux Ltd. of Hamilton to prepare a separate bid for Nordair. Another Ontario aspirant, Great Lakes Airlines President Jim Thorton of London, Ontario, was also in Montreal as potential buyers stacked up like plates over a crowded buffet. If, in the end, an Ontario dimes, Nordair's routes are split along provincial boundaries, regionalism will have won out. Now, Ontario must decide whether to ride to such provincial jealousies or risk greater rifts by imposing aerial union. Says Eastern Provincial's Steele: "Ultimately, it's a political decision. It's not going to be decided by Alfred Hamer or Harry Steele." **David Thomas**



Claude Trempevaux at MacKilling with some sample and (left) Specogna: a bid \$450-500

The man with the Midas touch

When an industrialist Ken Sanders, president of the tiny Vancouver-based Consolidated Gold Mines Ltd., lashed producers of a \$2-billion conspiracy of gold in a remote drill site near Jukasta in the Queen Charlotte Islands recently, Vancouver emitted an almost audible rattle of southern. The fuss was fanned by a two-inch (1988) headline in the Vancouver *Review* and aggressive protesting by penny stockers.



The flurry of activity led the Vancouver Stock Exchange (VSE), already nervous about volatile penny mining issues in the Carb Exchange, to halt trading in Co-

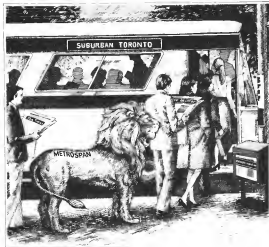
nolid shares and hold an unprecedented news conference. Before 20 jostling reporters, vice President Bob Scott lambasted the overblown rhetoric and counselled investor caution, saying that the

extent of the bid was not proven.

Scott was halting down an empty mine shaft, stock buyers were not listening. Canada, which hit a low of 34 cents in 1978, resumed trading last Monday at \$3 and hovered in the \$4 to \$4.75 range all week. Other mining companies are not taking any chances either and more than 135,000 acres of new claims have been staked out around the Canada site, most since core results became public in December. It's the sort of rough-and-tumble theatre that would send the Toronto Stock Exchange, which mounted the penny stocks 20 years ago, or the Montreal exchange, which closed house in the early 1970s, into apoplexy. But in Vancouver, the Carb Exchange of 285 companies, formed in 1974, is viewed as a roving kindergarten for young outfits before graduation to the Resources Development Board. It is also embarrassingly healthy, accounting for almost 25 per cent of the 1978 VSE dollar value.

Canada's Sanders acknowledges the "big" spotlight with me, but is analogistic about his \$2-billion claim. However, in an age when mining is more helicopters and programs than picks and pickaxes, Sanders knows the \$250-million start-up costs needed will come from someone else. "We're gamblers," he says, "and we're looking which way to jump." So far the prime beneficiaries of Vancouver's odd feller of gold fever are Carb Exchange brokers and Kilwin Specogna, of Nanaimo, B.C., a 52-year-old tree feller who often prospers with his wife, children and well-bred Pinta, who stumbled onto the Canada property in 1973. For his sleuthing troubles, Canada paid him a tidy \$450,000. Does he now own a stack of Canada's high-flying stock? "Well, no," he says, "but my wife, Lucia, she does—and it's all in the family."

Thomas Hopkin



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As the corporate bottom line shot to the top of the country's mind last week, the boring push-pull and prodding that followed made it appear the answer was telling us if it could. The story began when the Ontario Study of Industrial and Productivity, working arm of the anti-inflation board, reported that corporate profits rose 21 per cent over 1977 to \$9.3 billion in the first nine months of 1978. Led by the large department stores whipping 67 per cent increases, the centre last week had increased 11 per cent and concluded the higher profits had come from higher profit margins. The politicians

immediately took the credit or looked on: depending where they sat. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, who last year said in his stock Canada three years ago with his interventionist savings, told the Commonsense's glad there are profits and said his government is "legally responsible." Others, including the Royal Council of Canada, led to limp claims for figures claiming that profits had increased in 1978 to 24 per cent from 24.0 per cent in 1977. Figures released in the United States showed corporate profits in crossing at a similar 25 per cent, but as the tracious week ended the centre admitted its numbers were meaningless. Inventories to stimulate debate with a 4 per cent increase are wagers as only 6.2 per cent the centre may find it has stimulated demand as well as discussion.

Pranks for the memories

The occasion was Aubie Himmell's 50th birthday, and about 100 guests had gathered in his spacious North York home to help him celebrate. Suddenly the lights dimmed, the stereo began playing an off-key disco-swing oriental melody, and to the amazement of the host, down the staircase swept an authentic belly dancer—flashing veils, tinkling bells, frenzied gyrations and all. "She was the hit of the party," says Mrs. Rose Weinberg, who paid for the dancer's performance. "A beautiful girl and a marvelous dancer—and it certainly made an evening gift."

Of course it may have been, but it was all in a night's work for a pair of offbeat entrepreneurs who have turned a taste for the bizarre into what is probably Toronto's first company of professional pranksters. Oddly enough, the entrepreneurs, Julie Marriott and Marlene Puchrowski, both 26, have been reliable companions at the Workers' Compensation Board—an organization not generally noted for its wit.

They started a company called Larkie Himmell's Destructive Happpapapap. It is part as a way of relieving the tedium of a dull

job. "I was there in body, but not in spirit," says Marriott. "I've always been a bit crazy, and when we read about a



company is the U.S. that was doing this, we decided to give it a try."

It's an unusual way to escape the rat race, but an effective one. For a fee that varies with the stunt, Larkie Unlimited has served breakfast in bed—for fun—complete with champagne, roses and

builders in top hats and tails, lowered a swing stage from the top of an office building with a sign congratulating an executive on his promotion, jerked a Roush's birthday party (complete sign "We demand compulsory retirement at age 40") and hired a private plane for a honeymoon at home party.

Marriott comes by her wickedness naturally. She once picketed a friend's office when he tried to switch to a bed, and drove her Roush's for six months with a huge sign proclaiming, "This Car Is A Lemon," when repairs were unsatisfactory. Now she dresses up in a Roush's Birthday outfit and stands at the center of the bed and King steers handing out brochures to promote Larkie Unlimited. "Will do anything decent," she says. "What doesn't? They would, for example, provide a belly dancer for Aubie Himmell's birthday party so 'maximum the pranks,' but refused to find a stripper for a stag party."

So far, almost all of their stunts have marked celebrations, mainly birthdays and other anniversaries. Don't people ever ask them for pranks that have a vicious, rather than a gust of humor? "I wish they would," sighs Marriott. "I'd love to do something devilish. That's definitely part of my character. But so far nobody's asked us to. Maybe we're just too good in this town."

William Dwyer

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CFRB 1010
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Environment

Beating about the bush, but all in a good cause

Emotions publisher Mel Harrig swears he'll never go out in the woods again until the experts get their facts straight on grizzly bears. As Harrig tells the story, staff photographer Bruce Bagler instructed him to run if he ever met a bear. But when Harrig repeated that advice to another Alaskan, national author Andy Russell, who has stalked bears all over North America, Russell laughed. No man can outrun a bear, he told Harrig. It's better to stand absolutely still and hope to go unnoticed. Harrig has possessed his next wilderness venture till 1984.

That's the year one of the world's most expensive and expensive bear studies is scheduled to end and, by then, everything there is to know about grizzlies should be in the hands of the Border Grizzly Project.

At least, that's the aim of the research that has already cost the Americans about \$200,000, and which has just received an infusion of money from the British Columbia government. The uncertainty about how to deal with aggressively uncooperative of the scant knowledge of a species that could be facing extinction in populated parts of North America. Russell, gathering material for his book *Grizzly Country*, unearthed an 1874 record indicating that 1,500 grizzly pelts were traded that year at a single border trading post. Experts now fear there could be as few as 100 grizzlies left in the lower 48 states. Russell's estimates are that Washington, Idaho and Alberta's Waterton Park each have about 10 grizzlies, about 25 roam B.C.'s Flathead Valley, while Montana's Glacier National Park might have a couple of hundred. "There's no question but

that they're endangered," says Russell. Montana grew concerned about the bear's plight after the U.S. passed new endangered species legislation in the early 1970s, listing the grizzly as a possibly endangered species. Since the U.S.

can be tagged and some equipped with radio collars. They're trying to find out where bears range, what habitat they use, what disturbances upset them and how much disturbance they can cope with. They're also trying to determine how bears and livestock contend and how best to harvest timber without damaging the bears.

A timber dispute is what brought Canadian money into the project. B.C.'s Flathead Valley has been hit by the Mountain Pine Beetle, which is killing lodgepole pines that loggers say could be put to use if harvested quickly. Environmentalists, on the other hand, are pushing to have the area declared a park. With the two sides deadlocked and little data to guide them, a Cranshaw, B.C., loggers' group, the East Kootenay Operators Association, last summer pledged \$6,000 a year to the Border Grizzly Project in the hope that the results of Junkel's research could decide the issue. Last month, the B.C. government added another \$35,000 with promises of more to come.

While the Americans have been concentrating on the border grizzlies, Parks Canada has been attempting to study many of the same things using bears in the southern Alberta national parks. Richard Russell, Andy's son, has just completed a four-year, \$50,000 a year study of the grizzlies in Jasper National Park, while Dr. Stephen Herrero of the University of Calgary is in the fourth year of a five-year Banff National Park study. Herrero is also analyzing grizzly attacks throughout

North America.

Junkel has at least gained one insight into the ravished wilderness camp meeting a bear. One of his big teams misbehaved: the tracking dogs came and went up to examine a bear that had awoken. Even a dragged bear, it turns out, can outrun people. "The bear beat them back to the truck but it was still dazed and wobbling right past. While he was getting turned around again, they got out of there."

—Suzanne Swazem



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Chief Executives by Indroo Barnash, detail the style and substance of the men at the top. Schoenberg interviewed more than 100 grey-haired suiters for his manual on how to reach the apex of the executive pyramid. "There's very little chance to it," he concludes. "You can plan and position yourself to succeed. Maybe reaching the very top job requires a bit of luck, but otherwise I'd



good for America, the tycoons of business have learned larger than life. They are the latter-day Paul Bunyons, the giants whose corporate myths have become part of our folklore.

But in the steel and glass office towers where today's mergers are foisted out, the legendary giants of enterprise would feel as sickly out of place as Bunyon's blue ox, Babe. "It's not the self-made entrepreneurs of the past. In today's environment, things are very turbulent. We have to have managers who have new sets of skills. They have to be able to see a long way down the road, in many different kinds of situations," says Dr. James Stringer, president of The Conference Board in Canada.

From negotiating the price of Coca-Cola in China to assessing the effects of revolution in Iran, today's executive demands have created a new breed of managers. Two new books, *Art of Being a Boss* by Robert Schoenberg and *The*

Manual on Becoming a Top Executive by Indroo Barnash, say the whole process can be managed very deliberately.

Deliberate management notwithstanding, he regrettably the current rash of advice on executive power plays, strategies on everything from using a fighter as a weapon of intimidation to guidance on how a short boss can run a six-foot subordinate. Says Schoenberg: "A paramount feature of the office how-to-succeed literature is 'advice' on how to assume the trappings of power—the slightly bigger office, the better location, the extra stick of furniture—with the thought that Mr. Big will be impressed and give the manager that power whose commitments are being affected. Nonsense."

Such accommodations, however, may help to ease the realization that real executive power functions in an ever tightening web of constraints. "I started out my research with a gut feeling that today's managers weren't



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as good as they had been in the past," says Burnham, assistant to the financial officer of *The New York Times*. "Look at the declines in productivity, profitability and even technical innovation. But I concluded that the world of business executives had changed so radically that you couldn't really make comparisons."

Gone are the days when the mogul of the industry lived the lives of some working executives - the great estates, the mansions of servants, the polo parties and the yachts. With the accountants and lawyers at his elbow, what contemporary executive would dare utter J.P. Morgan's immortal advice on marriage: "If you have to ask the price of a yacht, you can't afford one."

Although recreational cruises may be out, today's executive still has plenty of opportunities for travel - on the company plane for company business. And the modern captain of industry, according to Burnham, now prefer relatively modest homes, trapped servants and chauffeurs in the suburbs.

Of more concern to executives than an altered lifestyle are the restraints in their business operations, restraints that have led Burnham to conclude most chief executive officers consider themselves a trapped elite. Layers of government regulations with accompanying mountain of paperwork are necessary even for the smallest decision. A rising thousands of new standards set by Washington's Occupational Safety and Health Administration, for example, is one that requires sweeps not to work more than one-quarter of a mile from toilet facilities. The result: a spate of outrageous patting sweeps carrying portable facilities behind them every day.

And, at the end of an exhausting day, a top executive may well find himself in a frustrating situation. He's the boss of his own building to avoid pocket lines of angry consumers, everybody from Ralph Nader's famous Raiders to groups protesting a investment in South Africa and corporate sponsorship of sex and violence in television shows.

While Canada has yet to experience the degree of consumer and stockholder activism that characterizes the United States, at least one prominent Canadian businessman thinks it could actually be of some benefit. "We still have far too many technocratic managements running companies, without regard for pressure from stockholders. I think a little more pressure might be a healthy thing," says Maurice Strong.

Of course, there still are monetary rewards for executives under fire. Du Pont's Irving Shapiro earns a reported \$457,752, General Electric's Reginald Jeon gets \$655,200, and Henry Ford makes do with \$770,000. But now even the whopping salaries can lead to more headaches. A group of stockholders has



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Maurice Strong: "I think a little more a hardliner pressure is a healthy thing"

just find self against Ford for appropriating one penny funds for private jets and lavish entertaining. "I guess you would have to say it isn't much fun to be a chief executive officer anymore," says Harold Williams, chairman of America's powerful Securities and Exchange Commission, one of the chief government tools for the regulation of private business.

It looks like it's going to be even less fun in the future. "I think things are going to get a lot worse before they get better," says Barnhart. Management consultant Roger Barnhart adds, "We are really nowhere near out of the crunch. The old ways of management are gone but you just can't ignore the human toll on chief executives. It's increasing all the time." Bob Wilton (Oswald), dean of the Yale School of Management, looks at the problem from a different perspective. "Maybe what business needs is a lot more of the old flash in chief executives," he notes. To that end, Denviden himself teaches a course in entrepreneurship at Yale.

Increasingly, cooperation in the spot are dividing their chief executive responsibilities among several people, relying on consensus by committee to replace decision by a single individual. But this solution to shattering the executive leader removes far from wholehearted endorsement. "I know that people are going to group demands in executive committees now and I think it's just disastrous," says Gaylord Freeman, honorary chairman of the First National Bank of Chicago IL, as the old saying has it, a wheel is a horse designed by a committee, businessmen may find themselves in for a long trek across the desert sands before they reach the next oasis oasis.

Rita Christopher

Design

A classic way to take the load off your feet

A good chair, like a good cigar, is hard to find. Designer Thomas Lash believes he has found the former. "It's a romantic," says Lash, gazing at a windswept and snowy stretch of Lake Ontario beyond the warehouse windows of his Toronto studio. "I also like honest structures. So I made a chair that is airy and a little arched, which folds, curves, works everywhere, plays with light and shadow, and is modern yet reminiscent of a bygone era. I hope, if the Steamer chair is dug up in 2000 years, that people will recognize a Canadian classic."

Some people already have. An elegant example of New Nostalgia, the Steamer has been featured in such trend-setting design magazines as *Italy's Abitare*, has been selected by the *Iconic Lord & Taylor* department store for a mid-March display in 11 outlets across the United States, and is being considered by New York's prestigious Museum of Modern Art. The Steamer may end up as the first Canadian piece in the museum's permanent collection, joining such classics as *Mies van der Rohe's Barcelona chair*, *Alvar Aalto's bent plywood, the Eames chair* and the *Breuer "Lash" is always ahead of his time*," says Peter Lee, a senior adviser with Design Canada. "I think he's comparable to Alvar Aalto, the father of design."

Perhaps more significantly, though, the Steamer and its new series (including a dining and office table, with a sofa due soon off the production line), represent the first major inroad into the tough European-based furniture market by a Canadian design-oriented entrepreneur. Contracts are being negotiated with British, French, Swedish, Italian and German distributors, and says Lash, "we're aiming for \$1.5 million in sales over the next year or so." Adds Lee: "Lash's work is good enough for the big leagues. He'll make some money for himself in Europe and bring some back to Canada."

Work of art or not, the Steamer fulfills the essential functions of a fine chair: it keeps you off the floor and it's comfortable. Lash, 38, and his wife, architect, Max Magder of Toronto's Durr Furniture Limited, have begun marketing the series in Canada and the U.S., stressing cost and design: the dining chair retails for about \$200, the

chair lounge for about \$300. "Furniture deals with culture, but it also deals with dollars and cents," says Lash. "I'm basically a designer. I see where the market is and I design for it."

Modernism died in the early '70s, the avant-garde is no more. In the world of architecture and design, anything goes now, from High Technology to New Nostalgia. The Steamer evokes the ran-

decks of luxury liners and a way of life that died with the birth of jet lag. Noel Coward would have loved it. Made of moulded, Canadian maple plywood, the Steamer lounge and dining chairs are "much more complex and sophisticated than their nostalgic name implies," remarks Glen Gault, senior editor of *Interiors*. They are strong and light, they stack and fold for easy storage and mobility. Cushions can be added or subtracted and the lounge chair converts to a chaise with a clip-on footrest. Although to some eyes, they look a little like lawn furniture, they aren't. And then again, they are. The point being, they work in both places.

Since the chairs fold up and knock down completely into components,

Lash surrounded by dining chairs, later the making of a Canadian design superstar





Stamer lounge chair, dimensions (below) as eye on the international market and a way of life that died with jet lag.

Lamb and her business associates have an added edge in the marketplace. "Why should the Scandinavians come here with their knock-down staff and be a resounding success with something I can do just as well?" asks Lamb. "And now we're ready to take on the world market as well, including South America and countries like Japan."

Magley, Dullury's president and a 15-year furniture-manufacturing veteran, admits that he's taking a gamble. "Why is it so difficult for Canadian designers to be successful?" he asks. "In Europe, they make superstars out of designers. People know their names here,

so you know any names, with the possible exception of Chippendale."

Though Lamb herself just might qualify as one of this country's first design superstars, the slim, blue-eyed, sixth-generation Canadian lives the life of a confused conservationist on an old-fashioned farm near Woodbridge, Ontario.

"I've been a designer long enough," he says in a statement at odds with his image. "Now it's time to become more aggressive. It's time to become a salesman, a businessman." But he points out that money is important only as a tool. What he really wants is enough capital to concentrate on environmental design for the future. The organic house, for example.

Norihiko Walker



Behavior

Crime as a terminal problem

Three Christensen was known around his peers as a "computer addict." For months, the bright, 18-year-old electronics student at the University of Alberta in Edmonton had been obsessed with outwitting the institution's 16-million Anadab 470 V-4 computer. In mid-January, however, Christensen's computer exploits came to an abrupt end when he, and his friend, Michael McLaughlin, also 18, were each convicted on theft charges (Christensen also on a mischief charge) and given suspended sentences after regularly cracking the code of the computer's electronic brain and costing the university \$300,000 a year to upgrade its security system.

The case attracted widespread attention as Canada's first-ever computer trial. More significantly, perhaps, it signals the start of a new chapter in Canadian crime books since the 1980s, as the so-called "cashless society" approaches—namely, an anticipated wave of highly sophisticated and subtle computer crimes. Police forces across the country are already bracing themselves. A bulletin issued recently by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in Ottawa reads: "Without overreacting, we must not rule out the possibility that we are viewing the tip of an expanding iceberg."

Police experts, meanwhile, are understandably nervous since such crimes are often guided enough to make even a modern-day Sherlock Holmes shudder: although some records show only 19 incidents of computer crimes in Canada to date, it is estimated that about 80 per cent remain undetected.

Most frequently these crimes involve "data diddling" or tampering with computer information, often with the intent of committing fraud or posing serious to confidential records. It's a phenomenon coined by Donn Parker, an international computer crime researcher at the Stanford Research Institute in Menlo Park, California, who after 20 years, has collected more 600 new histories on computer crime around the world. He maintains these crimes in the past decade will grow "with the increasing number of computers and the increasing

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sensitive function that computers are being used for." Computerized crime can also be committed, he says, by entering secret instructions into a computer ("The Trojan Horse" method) or by planting a timing release of information into the computer ("Logic Bomb" method). Whether the means, the payoff is often measured: the average bank heist is worth \$25,000, the average truck heist about \$100,000, the average house burglar \$10,000.

The biggest bank theft in American history was discovered just last October, when Stanley Rifkin, 35, a mid-managed computer expert, was recruited for robbing the Security Pacific National Bank headquarters in Los Angeles of \$102 million. Rifkin, a computer wizard who liked to challenge his own home computer to chess, designed an ingenious way of finding out the secret code numbers in the bank's wire transfer room, and then, using a false name, had the money transferred into a New York bank account. He was exposed only when he tried to use the cash to buy diamonds. Canon, meanwhile, had his own, less spectacular, incidents. A few years ago, in a Chrysler Canada Ltd. auto plant in Windsor, Ontario, some \$40,000 worth of parts were

stolen daily after the plant's computer had been fixed to hide the missing inventory. In Toronto, a pension analyst swiped \$23,000 by deleting names on disability pension requests and substituting aliases. He then reprogrammed the computer to send these cheques into these aliases' accounts, opened by himself. When he was discovered by the RCMP, he and his wife were living in a \$100,000 Minto home, married with the stolen money.

Luke Rifkin, many perpetrators of computer crime are young (between the ages of 16 and 30, bright and "nerdy" people) who delight in masterful control of computer systems. Though these white-collar criminals would never dream of robbing in the street, they think nothing of stealing from a wealthy corporation, especially those downtown computers that scream or shut back John Caswell, a computer science professor at the University of Western Ontario in London, is currently putting together a profile of potential computer criminals and tells their attitude toward their crime "like juvenile Robin Hood syndrome—rob from the rich and keep it." He notes that these people, often insiders, adopt a mentality about robbing big institutions that says,

"as long as it doesn't hurt anyone in particular, it isn't wrong," an attitude he tentatively labels "the Hugh Hefner syndrome." Says Dean Parker "The perpetrator often puts more energy into rationalizing his ethics than he did in performing it. He also works very hard to reduce the element of criminality in his motives."

While the scare has set up dangers in computer security to assist trustees in the supposed security of major institutions, municipal police chiefs are meeting with industry officials regularly in a committee set up to deal with the problem. Tom Wyler, who coordinates a nine-town team within the RCMP to deal with government-related computer abuse, observes "There's a great move afoot to improve security systems in computers." In private business, meanwhile, companies like Bell Canada and major banks have taken to protecting themselves by hiring special computer-security experts. In 22 cities across Canada, computer-security seminars are now being given to private businessmen who own computer systems. Wayne Jim Finch, seminar organizer and volunteer computer spokesman at the Canadian Information Society in Toronto "We haven't found any computer yet that is totally safe from theft."

Most Canadian companies hesitate to prosecute when computer crimes are committed, fearing public exposure might drive customers away, and prefer to deal with employee attention internally. Those who do go ahead often find the law is not the fast-past "one-stop" remedy. For instance, if computer programs are stolen, should the person be charged for the cost of the paper or the cost of the data, and how does the law fix a price tag on this material? "The rules and laws in Canada pertaining to computers with the advent of computer crime are changing," predicts William Fitzsimmons, formerly deputy commissioner with the RCMP and now deputy manager of the Insurance Crime Prevention Bureau in Toronto and also chairman of the police chiefs' crime in industry committee. In the United States, new legislation, called the Federal Computer Systems Protection Act, is already being studied in committee, while in this country, the federal justice department is re-evaluating the Criminal Code as it pertains to computers. Until better laws are passed, computer crimes are still viewed as a minor robbery in Bonnie and Clyde game to the hit-and-run robberies of the '80s.

Julianne Labrecque

Films

The land of ice and inertia

QUINTE

Directed by Robert Altman

It's a long time since we've seen a film in this effect so that the four corners of each scene are blurred. After two hours of this it's a miracle the mind isn't blurred as well. In making this quaintly surreal movie, Robert Altman has created a mythology alien to all but himself, based on the number five. (Does that account for the four blurred corners of the screen?) The inspiration is a joke of Altman's own

Space Age has turned back to the Middle Ages devotion. (Are the five effects and of telescopic reminder that we're looking into the future?) Or are they there to force us to watch the action? When Eisen's wife is killed he swears out the billion mong a group of sophisticated Quinter players who play for the thrill of cheating death, murdering off each other. The players include Grigor (Fernando Rey), Denise (Dina von Palandt), St. Christopher (Vittorio Gassman) and Ambrose (Sak Anderson). Yes, Ambrose.

A little ambiguity is a dangerous thing, carried no further than the required ambiguity to be truly dull. Quinter in Altman is a 2 Women mood—his own, lonely kingdom of emotion. It shows these particularly and poetically. The camera stiles through Leon Erickson's nihilistic and crystal shattering acts. The actors talk as though they had all been just appointed. This is art. No-it's satire.

Reviews, Ambrose, which's script



deriving called Quintet wherein five players battle it out over a board while a silent fifth watches and then plays off the winner if, during the course of this movie—proving you lost—you figure out what's going on, you deserve a prize.

Two figures is a frozen landscape game by dogs eating a frozen corpse. They barely notice. The men, Kees (Paul Newman), looks troubled as he lies by his wife, Tris (Dagmar Fowey), who is sucking her thumb. They arrive at a city divided into sectors where the inhabitants, hearing the end of their world, with a new Ice Age slowly opening them into extinction, play Quinter because it's the only thing left to do. There are no more children being born, "nothing left but the game." The

protection, self-indulgence. Altman hasn't found the visual technique for this kind of movie, possibly because he's unsure of what's supposed to be about in the first place. He had a dream and made it Women; he created a game and made Quinter; give him an inch and he'll find the life story of his foot.

The most original and imaginative director of the decade (M*A*S*H, McCabe and Mrs. Miller, A Wedding), he has reached the point in his career where he's protesting without taking the time to think out what he's doing. The result is a cold, repellent caprice like Quinter where, because he's an artist, he assumes he isn't governed by logic or suspense. It doesn't matter what gets him killed and who doesn't because every bit of humanity is inferred at the

expense of creating a mythological snow-falling out a whim. There's nothing here that wakes Altman the great artist he is: mystery is elsewhere, off-the-wall wit, texture in sounds, unusual imagery, wonder at the way of life. Life in society it depicts, Quinter has "no friendship, just alliances. And Ambrose. It's as cold as a wolf's snout."

Lawrence O'Toole

Hustling heat in the inferno

INFERNO

Directed by Michael Winner

With its American movie trapped between three days in the kingdom of hell, where every new script seems based on a page out of the Hollywood High yearbook, discriminating audiences have reason to be grateful for Paul Schrader. His movies—notably Taxi Driver, which he wrote, and Shogun, which he directed and produced—are not art. They're pure history of violence and obsession, seen from the inside. Every step into an urban nightmare, every frustrating new experience is a painful descent into the circles of hell. Not more current movies make this descent, travel in these circles. So the promise of a new Paul Schrader film is like the first whiff of a good steak—blood rare, to be sure—after a diet of Twinkies.

In Inferno, Schrader's idiom is the Western. Clint Eastwood underfoot, Darrin is a stern Chicago brawler named Jacob (George C. Scott) looking for his lost teen-age daughter, And Virgil is a seely private detective (Peter Boyle) who sends Jacob on a trip through maniacal perversion of hell to help him, in the company of street kids who have tasted every sensation by the time they're 15. And the film ends with a violent, desperate death in the final forbidden pleasure-death.

The story would seem a natural for Schrader. Taxi Driver goes to L.A. but with a protagonist who has the moral force to resist the city's seductive vanity, instead of surrendering to it and going eventually insane. Jacob is a character out of the American mythology: the long-stride man who tracks his prey into a sinister wilderness, and emerges with body and soul intact. It's a hard subject, a great film could be made from it. In fact, one has: John Ford's 1956 western, The Searchers, of which Inferno is a kind of updated, unofficial but acknowledged remake. But the pretorial beauty of this film, for all its violence, the religious ecstasy of Martin Scorsese's direction in Taxi Driver—was indeed Schrader at this stage of his



Scott well away from Hollywood High

career. *Papillon* is full of contrasts: scenes between Jake and the prison world's whens and howlers that should spark an audience's guilty pleasure. Instead, these scenes just lie there, waiting vainly to be skipped or massaged into life. Despite his subject, the movie is beyond austerity—it's inert.

George C. Scott's method of reanimating his character is to step it silly with theatrical mannerisms. Sit him down in a hotel room and tell him to look pensive, and he will look to his lips and he'll practically swallow them. As Jake's daughter, Hah Devon has too little screen time to register much more than her own resemblance to another last child of the '60s, Patty Hearst. This quiet, obedient girl disappears 20 minutes into the film, and we see nothing of her until the end. *Papillon* could have profited by crosscutting her journey with her father's as a way of demonstrating the attractiveness of the milieu that such Jake. And with Paul Schrader directing her fate, you can be sure of one thing: the night has fallen under some evil influence, but at least she would never wind up at Hollywood High.

Richard Corliss

A furious fever in the blood

PHOONIA

Directed by Michael Cacoyannis

In Greece, there is now, the sun white and the blood red. The Greek writer, night, asks him into his life. Early Greek writers such as Homer and Euripides

came into out of a climate where all poets were destroyed in the blinding glare. Under that sun, it was enough to ask, as Euripides did, "And I ask the gods—if gods exist—why?"

As Michael Cacoyannis' adaptation of *Papillon* in *Andra* opens, the stars of the sun is in its zenith. Beaten, soldiers ready to receive Helen from Troy are restless, "rotting in the sun." Their leaders—Agamemnon, Menelaus (Helen's husband) and Odysseus—are advised by an oracle that a sacrifice—Agamemnon's first-born daughter, Iphigeneia—will make the winds blow. On the pretext that she's to marry Achilles, Iphigeneia (Cecilia Pappas) and her brother Clytemnestra (Irene Pappas) head for *Andra* and the inevitable.

In as few and simple words as possible, *Papillon* created a fury of boiling and a crowding intellectual excitement. You feel he has said it all. The play in a moment, drawing every shade of sadness to it. And that's why a respectful, still and deeply felt scene version of it can be an overwhelming emotional experience, but not so much as movie art. Cacoyannis (*Orlando the Greek*) loves the play so much that he can't leave it alone. The camera introduces upon the rhythm of the language, as does Miles Theodorakis' music, when all we want to do is listen to the words. Room shots are a kind of affront. When he did *The Trojan Women* in 1971 he turned it into a showcase for the likes of Katharine Hepburn, Genevieve Bujold and Vanessa Redgrave, here, as in *Andra* (1982), he's true to the play's vocal and musical—erotic. *Papillon* has a resonant authenticity. It also has one great performance that, ironically, shows the play way out of whack.



From *Papillon*: the inescapable

attempt.) Yet she dwarfs everyone around her, including the unbearably beautiful Iphigeneia. Euripides becomes exciting, unforgettably one-sided in *Papillon*. Euripides' power isn't diminished, only weakly warded. And the words, still unregarded, tell how strong it was to "let it be, let it be strong as you can it is 'to let it be, let it be'." Lawrence O'Toole

Godzilla, please

THE LAST WAVE
Directed by Peter Weir

In the '50s, God sent planes of giant kites, tornadoes and sea monsters to punish the US for detouring. The Rock, and to reward a generation of sword-wielders—swordsmen. In 1978, Peter Weir sends a sword of rain into the upper-middle-class home of a mid-

married Australian lawyer (Richard Chamberlain). At first Chamberlain is baffled. After all, when he played Dr. Kildare on TV, beautiful victims of rare diseases were always grateful to die in his comforting arms. Gradually he realizes that the rain is a mystical sign from a group of shoguns he's trying to defend in court—and that, again, even more desperately, to understand.

Liberal guilt is an odd choice for a MacGuffin in a horror movie—especially these days, when hardly anyone will admit to being a liberal. But it's appropriate for Weir's strained, serious direction. Weir, who has achieved a cult reputation in Britain for his films *The Cars that Pomegranates* and *Picnic at Hanging Rock*, is one of the most Australian directors who has taken his lessons from masterful English films like *Nicolaus* and *Joseph Lerner* (instead of from the great American genre movies). The photography is pristine and quiet, the pacing is funeral—it takes what seems like hours for Chamberlain to walk across his living room. All this is Weir's way of saying: *The Last Wave* is not just a horror movie. Since the film's surface pathological tension for meticulous craftsmanship, viewers are likely to respond "Alas, it's not even a horror movie." Bring back the giant tarantulas. Richard Corliss

The shrink's job

THE BRISK'S JOB
Directed by William Friedkin

Why William Friedkin (*The Exorcist*) decided to direct *The Brisk's Job* the way he did is as much of a mystery as the fate of the \$2.7 million lifted from the Brisk's coffers in Boston back in the '60s. The way who has played it in the past that he can't think of a way to make his up-to-date technique has made a low-budget caper centered on the adorable misprudence of the petty thieves who managed to pull off "the crime of the century." The thieves are Peter Faim (without his passport), Kevin O'Connell, Warren Oates (without his usual restraint), Gerard Murphy, Allen Garfield (without his former name, Allen Garfield), Peter Boyle (without any notable increase in charisma) and Paul Service (without any in acting ability). Shows of the kind of set-piece cinema endemic to the genre, *The Brisk's Job* resembles an expensive home movie. The best has all the tension of an elastic band in a very old pair of drawers. Why? And why spend over \$10 million to make Boston look like a series of poor Edward Hopper reproductions? Why? Why?—I don't know why. That's the shrink's job. Lawrence O'Toole

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Man with the golden grunt

Things were hardly going smoothly on the set of *Agencia*, a Canadian-produced feature film, budgeted at \$4 million, recently shot in Montreal. Valerie (Superman) Perrette was in her dressing room throwing up, a victim of a violent fit bug. Lee (Rick Miller) [John May] May was also distressed in his dressing room, with what seemed like a case of bad temper. Meanwhile, Robert Mitchum (whose \$200,000 fee and 100-odd film credits made him the ranking star) was comfortably ensconced in the chair with his name on it, enjoying a little backstage with the makeup girl and script assistant. What is not to say that things were going smoothly for him, either. It had just been discovered that he had been working with the

wrong script for the past four weeks. Counterparts: Will it mean going back and re-doing scenes? Mitchum asserts demurely: "It may mean re-thinking the characterization." After a long baleful glare, Mitchum resumes his contrived life with the ladies. Will it mean staying up all night learning new lines for tomorrow's heavy day of shooting? "No way. They take their chances." Six words. A veritable paragraph, coming from Mitchum.

Robert Mitchum is the undisputed king of the laconic one-liner. "Hills, how are you?" is invariably greeted with "Whee." An interview begins as such.

Q Was there anything about *Agencia* that attracted you to the project?

A The money.
Q Do you ever get excited about films, about scripts?

A Long pause. A very long pause.

A I think *Midway* (1976) was the last one I was really excited about. The *Longest Day* (1962) wasn't bad. Last worked 10 days, then I had six weeks off with pay and a healthy expense account. Then I came back and worked another week in Paris, so that was kind of exciting. *Midway* I just worked one day, in bed. That was kind of jolly.

Q Do you watch your films?

A Not, not often. (Pause) That's not in the contract.

All this with not a trace of a smile—a fabled disdain. It's unswerving to talk with him. At 61 he remains the quarter-century screen heavy, big (two-foot-two-inches, 236 pounds), dark and craggy. The shoulders and back are broad and powerful, the legs and jaw severe, the eyes heavy-lidded and, hey, muted menace on the face! Called upon to crash through a closed door and break up an illicit tryst, Mitchum, a gun pecking out of his fat, goes the door a shudder shot that would make fire-bucklers think twice about taking him on. The characters inside the door don't have to act surprised. Bystanders are impressed, aggressive bystanders swell as director George Kaczmarek, satisfied, halves "Cut."

"He's an intelligent actor," says Kaczmarek, "but an emotional actor. He likes to hear his own voice, professional and unprofessional. Never falls out of character. He's the easiest guy to direct." But Mitchum has been known to pinch off some directors for lack of finesse in the 1950 version of *Flamingo*. *My Love, My Bambi*, he mumbles, "Goody director. First shot in the picture he said 'Cut' instead of 'Action.' We used to lock him in a closet. Great fun when you work on a picture and the makeup man and the assistant prop man tell the director, 'You don't know what you're doing, dummy!'"

"He's a total outcast, outside the Hollywood system. He has no agent, probably the only major star who doesn't, and you deal directly with him," says producer Robert Levin, a Mitchum fan since he was 12. "He gets you fabulous distribution deals. He's huge in the Far East, big in Europe, big in Latin America and strong on television."

In an afternoon of watching Mitchum at work, it quickly becomes obvious that he's much more at home with the media people of the film industry than with the other stars, financiers and assorted hangers-on. "He's a sweetheart," says pencil-thin script assistant Linda Brown. "Every day he's in the set we go through this routine. He arrives, sits down, says 'Hi, girls, what're my lines, heard any good gags?'"

The interview continues on.

Q Ever had any interest in directing?

A Well, the thing that chilled me out was the fact that you gotta get there before the actors do in the morning.

Q Do you get any particular bang out of making films?

A Yeah. (Pause) Leave a lotta new jokes. (Pause) Letta free lunches.

Q How take an acting lesson?

A Well, do you like acting lessons? It's like goin' to school to learn to be tall.

Say good-night Bob.

Wayne Grigsby

Books

Swinging from the Left and back to the Right

BARBARAN WITH A HUMAN FACE
by Bernard-Henri Lévy
Folio/Avon Books, \$19.95

It was 19 when he stood at the barricades of Paris in May, 1968, proclaiming the truths of the New Left. How passionate and what good fun it must have been for such well-to-do intellectuals as Bernard-Henri Lévy to experience what it is to be a moment of exhilaration when it seems that ideas may, with extraordinary ease, bring down a government and establish a new order. Well, things change. Like the little white boots and structured clothes of the French designer Courmays is popular among another group in 1984—the disheveled and queer into the unstructured blazers of 1979.

So it is with Lévy. Now he is the most visible of the French philosophers (André Chénier, Jean-Marie Benoist) who have been dubbed the New Right, having discarded Marx in favor of anti-Marxism. His book *Barbaram With a Human Face* states in almost respectable French academic prose the obvious: Marxism is no good, Stalinism was not an aberration, and the final indictment: "Apply Marxism to any country you want you will always find Galt in the end." The book is a best-seller in Europe and a rabbit punch to the left-dominated world of French intellectuals. The key to Lévy's hesitations can be found in his own statements: he always knew the terrible truth about the essential brutality to

which Marxism leads. Says Lévy: "It was impossible not to know about the bloody knife... we knew then, but we forgot, we refused or neglected to see." Though he had read Kowalev and Camus, it was Solzhenitsyn who forced Lévy to see because his work "forced us to believe what we were told with *Arzamas*." Lévy is in the mind of a saint or an ascetic, it cannot extrapolate from knowing but only from "believing." At the same time he takes an extraordinary pride in having the very qualities he does not possess, such as logic. Lévy is the personification of the artistic intellectual who gives the most convoluted assemblage to all his base and ingenuitous rage, who in all learning without as sense of wisdom, who invariably leaps before he looks and then constructs elaborate footnotes on why he fell into the abyss.

But the book's importance is undeniable. Lévy's no-linear thinking, his hallucinogenic form of argument will appeal in this McLachlennage age to the children of television whose entire world came to them through their senses rather than their minds. And his flashes of insight are often original. He says: "Marxism has totally permeated the non-Marxist society, as that those very people who would describe themselves as anti-Marxists incorporate Marxist assumptions in their language and editorials. Example: far from becoming bourgeois, says Lévy, the

Lévy: the intellectual's darling

fire industrialized world has become proletarian capitalism rather than capitalism. It is as if the number of kitchen appliances that distinguishes classes but values and conceals.

Poor Kremlin. It was a mistake to push a young army officer named Solzhenitsyn for making some unnecessary remarks about Stalin in a private letter. Now, in Europe at least, his art has accomplished among the eternal intellectual-adults what simple logic and history could not, and such books may prevent the gates of Europe being closed to Russian emigration from within. **Barbara Amiel**

Catholic tastes

THE GOOD WORD AND OTHER WORDS

by William S. Burroughs
Doubleday, \$14.95

William S. Burroughs, that least accessible of all slick American book reviewers, keeps telling it slip that he's a Roman Catholic. Guys, there he goes again, like an engine throwing her engine. The implication is not that he's a writer of dogma, mind you, maybe not even a Catholic writer, an anthropologist use the phrase. But, well, his family's publishing house did bring out *Chautauque* and *Bellevue*. Certain facts must be taken into account.

Nonsense. A witty man sympathetic to talent and merciless toward pretensions, Burroughs has been using his denunciations of preference to divert attention from the fact that he's English, a great explainer of Britain to America and vice versa, a sort of chief Minister Cuckoo who, even after all these years, seeks out the real indigenous McGuy with an almost childlike delight. And what could be more ironically American than the writing style of this Lase Williams, whose work of chief Minister Cuckoo has adapted to screen prose and made into an art form of sorts?

Unlike Max Zisman, the title character of the furthest of his nine novels to date, Burroughs doesn't feel confined and weakened by the demands of contemporary, with its speed-steric sense and dense prose, for as this collection of his pieces shows, he is in his master and master. Oh, matters do get out of hand occasionally, as one metaphor leads to another and means him to conclude that Sara Pineda was an economy crook because his father worked as a mint and the surname has monetary associations.

On scientific generalities of the day, such as Watergate, Vietnam, Dr. Spock and the over-all field of ethics, Burroughs is too discursive and too little purpose. He views options and he'd like principles and has doubts. But these aren't connected because he's berred by pelfies. Amiel of



STYLING: JANE ROSS

STYLING: JANE ROSS



this type (which form a goodly part of the collection, his first since *The Morning After* in 1971) no more make him a Catholic Writer than his frequent mentions of Grendo make him a Marxist.

Doag Fetherling

I'd rather be me than thee

THE CULTURE OF NARCISSISM
by Christopher Lasch
(Oxford \$15.95)

One of the reasons the '60s have taken so long to die is that all the red-hot academics preaching revolution then have now got tenure and for the next 30 years will be musing about how we still haven't learned the lessons of Vietnam, and denouncing that Nixon's grandsons not be invited to the White House. In Canada, these now slightly paunchy, balding forces are led by *The Canadian Forum*, as the U.S. they were led by Christopher Lasch.

Until recently. Giving this book its sparkle is that Lasch, darling of the New Left for several important studies

of education, is now turning on the Left, and in every other groove-up idea you can think of. He medicine-gives the Children's Aid Societies, rips the kerne potential movement and flays all those Spockian child-care manuals and self-help guides. It's a marvelous barrage of superiority, the most brilliant since Spengler's *The Decline of the West* in the '20s. Are we turning into a society of narcissists, men and women with no moral centre?

Let's for a moment, play connect-the-dots. Here are the characteristics of a narcissist: dependence on vicarious wants provided by others combined with a fear of dependence, a sense of emptiness, boundless repressed rage and uncontrolled oral cravings (ah, Lasch, New, match these characteristics in the following features of contemporary culture: intense fear of old age and death, an altered sense of what the past means, fascination with celebrity, fear of competition and the deterioration of relations between men and women. In drawing the links, Lasch points to the family, suggest like some dying pilgrim by parasitic social workers, *middle-class*

of education, and offices delegates from the "helping professions" who convince Mom and Dad there's just no way they could bring up a kid alone. If he breaks out all the windows in his classroom, you call a psychiatrist. Very simple.

We got into this pickle in three ways, says Lasch: one, the growth of a giant social-service bureaucracy that has stripped family life of all its functions, and all its confidence in its ability to cope with the crises that tear couples apart; two, as a result of the "cult of consumption," immediate gratification can be had by whipping out the old Charge, three, and most importantly, as a result of losing our sense of history, of ourselves with traditions to uphold and something of value to hand onto future generations.

The book is a splendid trashing of "lifestyle" society, of the New Narcissist. The mind shudders with pleasure at the image of 1979 man, marked by "pseudo self-insight, insulating self-interest, nervous self-deprecatory humor."

How fortunate that here we're still into the Old Narcissism: many bourgeoisie (having the World's Tallest Chinaman, bombing seductiveness (sailing there at the dawn if they come here alone) and self-confident witlessness (Wayne and Shuster to the court dawns of the Trap North). As usual, Canada drops behind.

Edward Shorter

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MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

1. *Overland, Muller* (16)
2. *Chapman, Wilkerson* (2)
3. *War and Remembrance, Wood* (1)
4. *Older Charles Maclean's*
5. *Tell me, I'm not* (16)
6. *Female One, Piers* (5)
7. *The First Position, Kays* (3)
8. *Prelude to Terror, Maclean* (10)
9. *Graham, Hopper* (1)
10. *Who Do You Think You Are?, Moore*

NONFICTION

1. *Brooklyn Dynasty, Newman* (1)
2. *Maclean's Greatest, Crawford* (3)
3. *Laurel David By Myself, Bland*
4. *The Wild Frontier, Gervais* (1)
5. *A Quiet Mirror, The Canadian*
6. *Fourteenth Century, Tuckman* (4)
7. *Frederic, Piers* (1)
8. *The Country Like Book of Queen Elizabeth, The Queen Mother, Tuckman* (1)
9. *Little Goodness's Love Signs, Goodman*
10. *If Life is a Bowl of Cherries—What am I Doing in the Pit?, Buntrock* (3)

1. *Photograph* (1)
Produced with the assistance
Canadian Book Review Association

The new cast of premiers: Arrow-shirt men, coiffed, puffed, almost interchangeable

By Alan Fotheringham

It is somehow wildly appropriate that the improbable project called Canada be reborn through a recycled railway station. Beneath the rail vaulted ceiling of what used to be the foyer of Ottawa's Union Station, the 11 new premiers and approximately well-meaning men who would rule our fate, art and mediate our pack rituals and reshape our tremendous future. A producer for a sitcom called *Constitution* would have it any other way. There are the prime minister's office

elections have gone through the trauma of losing their fathers early. Don't ever assume that Mackenzie King was a sole aberration. The person who can write the definitive study of the patriote will not be an historian or a political scientist but a psychologist.

So there sits Borden, the dramatic man with the expensive, quicksilver mind. *Le Monde* declared some years ago "Only in Canada could a man so intelligent not be prime minister." What is most interesting, watching that tableau while five men (Trudeau,

ing it in a proper, respectable manner. There is no law in the land that says he has to attend this meeting, mud-bagging seasons where otherwise intelligent men have not appeared and discuss the merits of Atlantic fish versus a little of rights. But he does it. His eyeballs often rolling to the upper corners of the Doric columns in frustration at what he regards as manifest from his peers, he sits in and attends and indulges—in what an observer more and more perceives as an amusing game between the two—in crassness spoke games with the man who sits to his right, one Pierre Elliott Trudeau.

Further along around the horseshoe table (the open end left so these men who pretend to be talking in private can have their satellite penetrated by the probing eye of the People's Network) sits the only other intellectual equal of these two, Allan Blakeney of Saskatchewan. As dull as they are dramatic, as well schooled via Trudeau as well Oxford and well-poised as these two worldly Gallic types, he is

the interloper. Whatever Mr. Trudeau, secure in his sophistication, tends to trumpet in his Grand Masters to the foreheads of the slightly insecure gardeners of France or Marianne into him, Mr. Blakeney coughs a bit and says in his dry, evening falsetto, just want a gaddious cruise. From out of the dust of the Saskatchewan Depression, named to an initial bond through graduate degrees and his emotional Nova Scotia common sense, he throws a verbal spear and pins the prime minister right through the chest.

Mr. Lévesque? The malign red cross is to and waits and fumes—knowing the impatient Thore Barrett of B.C. so

that his dreams of Valhalla have to be put aside for the practicality of getting elected. The funny referendum to tear the country asunder in being pushed, conference by conference, to the back burner. Lévesque looks at himself and shrugs. The compromise that is Canada is proceeding apace. Not to worry.



Benoit, Davis and Hatfield, studying the menu again

In all, not to be knocked. Not to be degraded. What you see is what you get. The improbable nation, this impossible dream, is being fashioned, like a jangly quilt at a 1913 rural co-operative, in these appropriate surroundings. If the entire proceedings of yet another federal-provincial conference are to put the electorate to sleep, we might as well have the architect of a federal party to do the thing up right.

What is most interesting, to a 1985 Act voter, is the second lead in this long-running theatrical extravaganza. His name, of course, is Lévesque. Five-foot nothing, as those ordinary citizens who have never seen him before are always enticed to discover. Napoleonic complex? Who is to say? The Frenchman among us already have enough to cope with in the fact that the three men who will help shape our lives—called Trudeau, Lévesque and Ryan—are all co-journalists. A Frenchman and all three (not to be gotten on the couch,

Laughland of Alberta, Davis of Ontario, Benoit of B.C. and Lévesque) attempt to share up their election/referendum prospects, at the difference in the solidities. It has been well-recorded how a new cast of provincial premiers—leaving in refuse the pastiche (stage of the bookends of the nation, Wacky Benoit and Joey Smallwood)—could all rotate successfully in the mannequins in the East's window. Arrow-shirt men, coiffed and puffed and 1880 styled, almost interchangeable in their upwardly mobile, late-'60s career stereotypes. Not a tie (B.C. at Holt Renshaw) out of place. Not a chapter out of *Gael Stenby's* *Paragon* unneeded.

Lévesque, the wild card in this deck, is a relief. Ramped, rusty, the bag under his eyes like some little jagged, so obviously human, so potentially likeable, so quite transparently in a dilemma. Lévesque's problem is that he is a decent man. While he sincerely feels that his solution to his problem is to deconstruct the nation, he insists on de-


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